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FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER

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NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

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TOO SLOW FOR US.

Our sprightly neighbor, the *Commercial Advertiser*, makes the following neat little encomium on our omnipresent artists: "Livingstone is making his way slowly toward the coast. The public will regret that Frank Leslie has no special artist on the spot to watch him do it"; and adds this observation: "We think there is nothing in the illustrated line which could so profoundly move the

people as a picture of Livingstone 'making his way slowly toward the coast.'"

Now, our neighbor, who evidently has had the good taste to watch carefully our illustrations and appreciate them, ought to know the reason why FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER has had no artist with Livingstone's expedition. It has been because that eminent and often-murdered, though eternally resuscitated, voyager, has been making his

way "slowly"—and nothing "slow" suits this journal or its conductors. We leave the old stage-coach plodding to the old fogies of the Press, and travel always by the lightning line—and our artists have caught the contagion of our example.

The public have heard so long about Dr. Livingstone as the great African traveler, whose lives outnumber those of the feline species, that its sympathies are now difficult

to invoke for any real or imaginary perils he may encounter. There are many other ways of "moving the people" than by "a picture of Livingstone making his way slowly toward the coast," and our last week's issue proves it—where our artist "carries the war into Africa."

But two items of foreign intelligence bearing on this really remarkable man must interest all who have followed his fortunes. One is the loss he has sustained in the death of the



NEW YORK HARBOR.—DEPARTURE OF GENERAL SHERMAN AND LIEUTENANT FRED. GRANT FOR EUROPE—SCENE ON THE DECK OF THE U. S. STEAMER "WABASH," AT THE MOMENT OF SAILING.
SEE PAGE 182.

veteran President of the Geographical Society, Sir Roderick Murchison, who was always keeping Dr. Livingstone's memory green, and who pronounced several obituary notices on the friend who has survived him. The other is the statement that, in consideration of the father's services, the daughters of Livingstone have been granted a pension by the British Government.

They certainly manage these matters better than we do—for many more enterprising divines with large families and small stipends may now be induced to follow in the footsteps of their pioneer, and open new fields for the exercise of British philanthropy and British trade, both of which may be made "to pay."

African exploration at best, from Mungo Park down to De Chailu and Baker, has ever been a slow business. There is a wonderful sameness about all the stories of the explorers; and although Dr. Livingstone has varied it a little by taking to the water a good deal, still it is the old story over again, after all. The search after the sources of the Nile has cost more valuable lives and caused more suffering than the discovery would be worth, even were it ever made. It has become one of those follies of science similar to the perpetual motion and squaring of the circle—and hence FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED, in the interest of humanity, declines the proposal of sending one of its artists to Africa; especially while so much food for their pencils can be found nearer home.

FRANK LESLIE'S
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 2, 1871.

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Number Three of the LADY'S JOURNAL, just issued, has been pronounced by all its readers a triumph of journalistic enterprise. Its SUPERB COLORED PLATE, and its SLENDID ILLUSTRATIONS of the LATEST PARIS FASHIONS, drawn and engraved in Paris by the first European Artists, have been received with unqualified delight and approval. The styles thus illustrated, in FINE ART PICTURES, from models designed by the famous Parisian houses of Worth, Faet & Beer, Morrison, Dixbury and Ronot-Roche, have received the highest praise from the thousands of ladies who have patronized the JOURNAL; while the expression of their enthusiastic admiration has been extended as well to its elegant general appearance and the usefulness and variety of its contents. It is now established as a FASHION and FAMILY PAPER unrivaled in the world, and no expense or care will be spared hereafter to maintain the great reputation it has thus suddenly secured.

TO AMERICAN AUTHORS.

Being desirous of stimulating American literary and artistic talent, and having, by our publications and the encouragement we have given, done much to create a new school of American writers of fiction, and of artists by our profuse illustrations, we have determined to offer a series of Prizes for both Continued and Short Stories for FRANK LESLIE'S CHIMNEY CORNER, a paper whose high literary character and great popularity are without a parallel.

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A PRIZE of \$1,000 for the Continued Story next in merit.

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The manuscripts must be handed in on or before February 22d, 1872, and will then be submitted to the judgment of competent and impartial critics.

The authors of the successful stories may, at their option, retain the privilege of issuing the novel in book form at the expiration of six months from its appearance in the CHIMNEY CORNER.

For Stories that do not succeed in attaining any of the Prizes thus offered, liberal prices will be paid for those manuscripts adapted to our use.

The result of previous offers of prizes, among the fortunate competitors for which we may name Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, Miss L. M. Alcott, Rev. E. E. Hale, and others well known to the reading public, encourages us to expect, in response to this invitation, works which will win an enduring reputation.

FIGHTING THE TIGER.

WHEN the French Revolution swept away the monarchy, and the very name of royalty became obnoxious to the people, an adroit exhibitor baptized his Royal Tiger as the *Tigre Nationale*!

That change of name saved the animal's popularity, and he was spared the fate which overtook his royal kindred, by becoming national. Recently the same animal has had to bear the brunt of another revolutionary movement, and has been pilloried alongside of the keepers whose emblem he has been made. Never a very pleasant-looking animal, even in the palmy days of his popularity, his recent portraits have exaggerated his ferocity, until he has been made to resemble that lion mentioned by an old poet, who

"Roared so loud and looked so grim,
His very shadow durst not follow him."

And yet he was once a National Tiger too, and that lately, when many who pelt him now with stones used to pat him on his sleek sides, and even watched for the half-picked bones the Royal Beast would leave in the well-stocked larder of the Americans. But he is a tempting creature for an illustration—and has few friends left—so he must suffer the fate of all beasts which become unpopular, and be treated with no more reverence than though he were a puppy dog. Those cunning in fish-sauce doubtless are aware that the Americans, with rampant Tiger fighting on its label, was favored above most others on the table of restaurants. Now, that pungent preparation, with its grim emblem, have vanished from familiar places, like the Brains of Tammany, and it requires vigilance and a search-warrant to find them. A more painful proof of the mutability of earthly things were hard to find by the philanthropist and the lover of fish-sauce. Yet, we must admit that it was an appropriate emblem for the men who adopted it.

The Tiger is a prowling, rapacious beast, with none of the magnanimity of the lordly Lion in his nature. He is crouching and cowardly as well as cruel, and never faces his enemy. He is a mean creature altogether, and now that he has ceased to be dangerous, let the artists kick him, and New York, in her brand-new robes of purity, put her foot upon his head as he grovels in the dust, and keep him down.

Above all, let us take care never to make him a National Tiger any more. "Let bears and lions growl and fight" at Washington—our great national menagerie—but let the millennium which has been inaugurated here continue, at least until after the meeting of the Assembly, when, we fear, the ominous sound of strife may again be heard from the fraternal subduers of the Tiger and his keepers.

THE LESSONS OF THE DAY.

THE extraordinary events of this season, so grand in their magnitude, so irresistible in their progress, so overwhelming in their results, so widespread as to almost cease to be local, because the world feels their effects in its treasures, its granaries, its sympathies, in its best and worst parts—these are not accidents, but results; not only historical events, but lessons. What do they teach?

The varied lessons derivable from all may be both generalized and epitomized under the statement that the material with which we build anything—whether cities, health, or character—is all-important. The folly of spreading out huge cities of inflammable pine boards in close contiguity one with another, connected by wooden roadways and bituminous sidewalks, is the simplest of the practical lessons to be learnt. The fire which destroyed a quarter of Constantinople failed to teach it, and the Chicago increment, with its holocaust of lives and widespread desolation, its unutterable woes and national disaster, will, perhaps, teach no lesson to Omaha and San

Francisco, and the myriads of grand prospective centres of a coming civilization.

This lesson will be lost upon New York, Philadelphia, and Boston, where every day sees new and more huge buildings erected, with their eight and ten stories towering to the skies, and all crowned—far out of the reach of the water from the most powerful steam engines that man has built—with the newest fire-traps, Mansard roofs—pine kindling-wood, with a veneer of pervious slate, forming so many match-boxes with ready tinder—scuttles ready to catch the sparks and coals flying from every fire. The insurance companies, for their own preservation as well as for the public good, should charge such structures at least one per cent. extra premium, unless made of iron.

If "curses, like chickens, do come home to roost," prayers, too, do rebound sometimes "to plague their inventors." Many a plethoric-pursed Chicagoan has surveyed the inferior portion of the great city, in which the fire first commenced, and prayed "that a good, smart blaze might wipe away these humble constructions," and perhaps that was the reason for some apathy in the zeal which should have come to the putting out this initial burning.

But the grand lesson from this conflagration is the brotherhood of man, the grandeur of our defamed human nature. Perhaps it were cheap thus to have touched the whole human heart, and a not inadequate burning to warm all mankind and to fire a universe with heavenly ardor and an unimaginable charity! Total depravity! The idea is dissipated by this sympathetic outpouring from high and low, rich and poor, the saint and the sinner!

What shall we think of the upheaval in society which has stripped off the tinsel from the grossness of polygamy, and shown the incestuous, adulterous criminality too long lacquered over and half concealed under the thin varnish of a new dispensation and a false theology? What shall we learn from the social horrors revealed by the arrest and conviction of Rosenzweig, and others? Must we not recognize the facts that "where the carrion is, there are the eagles gathered together"—that "the supply but equals the demand"? Can we do otherwise than feel that there is a depravity in society to which these but minister, and that general reformation must properly and first commence from within?

And the more prominent local swindling of the public moneys—the general usage made of office to further private ends—how various are these lessons! The simple patriotic one is especially pertinent at this election season. Shall we from sheer indolence and apathy permit the city to be ruled by the ignorant, besotted, unscrupulous foreigner, possessing no interest in the country, ignorant alike of its past as its present, and regardless of its future? Is not the primary lesson—not one of primary elections, but the necessity of making education and property requisites for citizenship?

Are not the present issues grand reactionary movements against the silent influence of the nobodies suddenly become somebodies—the paupers in three or four years become millionaires, the ignorant hod-carriers elevated to high positions, and the ragged by a rub of an Aladdin-like "ring" transformed into diamond stud-wearers?

Our old school writing-copies were: "BE HONEST: REPUTATION IS BETTER THAN HOUSE AND LANDS." Yesterday the copy set to our youth was: "SEEM TO BE HONEST: HOUSE AND LANDS ARE BETTER THAN REPUTATION." The grand lesson which will be taught the world is, that "to be is better than to seem"; that wealth wrongly acquired brings neither happiness nor respect, and reputation built with such flimsy material has no abiding. The Mackerelville thief and sinecure office-holder may no longer see his teacher and exemplar at the Bureau of Public Works, and the time may come when a dirty shirt with a big diamond in it may be no more honorable than the ring in the swine's nose.

The reflective mind, anxious for the good of his country and his kind, thus finds subjects in the events of the day meet for his contemplation. Fortunate will be the country if the lessons thus seriously taught shall be as seriously considered and acted upon.

THE PROSPECTIVE NEW CHARTER.

It is taken for granted, among men of all parties, that the Legislature of New York, which commences its session with the new year, will utterly reorganize the City Charter, in compliance with the emphatic wish of the people. To change is easy; to reform, in the interest of good government, is difficult; and the task which the Legislature has before it is one complicated and most responsible. It behooves thoughtful people, and especially such as live in the city itself, to make such suggestions as their experience and good sense may dictate, so as to vindicate, if possible, the Scriptural apophthegm, "In the multitude of counselors there is wisdom."

Among the suggestions that have found expression in the public prints, we notice with approval:

I.—That every officer under the City Government should receive a fixed salary, and in no case should he be allowed to pocket any of the fees connected with his office. So far as possible all fees should be abolished, and, wherever they are collected, they should be promptly turned over to the City Treasury.

II.—Subordinate offices, such as clerkships, and the like, should be made permanent, whenever, through preliminary examination and experimental trial, their incumbents have proved themselves honest and capable.

III.—Cumulative Voting, or Minority Representation, by which the minority in our Councils shall have a voice in their decisions, and prove a check on the majority power—so often and shamefully abused. Let each legal voter be allowed to cumulate his vote if he thinks proper. For instance, he may vote

thus,	or,	or,
John Williams,	John Williams,	John Williams,
John Williams,	John Williams,	James Parker,
John Williams,	James Parker,	Charles Wallace.

In the first case, his vote counts three for John Williams; in the second, two for John Williams, one for James Parker; in the third, one each for Williams, Parker and Wallace.

Under this system, a majority of the voters could always elect a majority of the representatives, but a minority could make sure of a minority of the representatives, unless it were less than one-fourth of the entire electoral body, which it rarely is. Every voter would thus go to the polls with a reasonable assurance that his vote would tell in the election—that it would not prove a mere ineffectual protest.

IV.—That the Municipal Election shall take place on a different day and at a different season of the year from the State and National Elections, so that the result shall be a clear expression of the municipal voice and will, not varied by exterior issues.

V.—A stringent Registry Law, making it compulsory on every voter to register at least two weeks before the election; permitting of no excuse for not registering in season, and requiring the publication of a list of the names and residences of the registered voters in each district, this list to be conspicuously posted in such district at least one week previous to the election. Swift and severe penalties for fraudulent registry and illegal voting.

VI.—Election day be made a legal holiday. Thousands who do business here, that reside in neighboring counties or other States, would stay at home and vote if that were the case, who will not do so else; and thousands of other business men who reside in the city, but who seldom vote, would do the same thing.

"CAPTAIN" HALL'S EXPEDITION.

If anything could surpass the extravagance and absurdity of sending out a Government "Polar Expedition," it was the stupidity, not to say wickedness, of confiding it to the charge of an ignorant, pig-headed adventurer like the so-called "Captain" Hall—whose only recommendation was a large capacity for eating raw meat and drinking whale-oil. His expedition left this city June 14th. News comes that it had reached the coast of Greenland, but the tidings are far from encouraging as to its success. They could get no reindeer furs at Holsteensborg, and dogs were so scarce in Danish Greenland that they were forced to abandon the idea of getting the seventy required until they were in North Greenland or even in Smith's Sound—from all accounts a somewhat forlorn hope. Still more unfortunate for the future prospects of the expedition is another piece of news which comes by way of Denmark. Mr. Buddington, the sailing-master—in other words, virtual naval commander of the expedition—"disgusted with its internal economy," has resigned, and will return home. All this, we fear, too truly bears out the criticisms which appear regarding the expedition in last month's number of the *Overland Monthly*, from the pen of Dr. David Walker, formerly surgeon and naturalist of M'Cintock's Fox expedition, and who was to have been second in command of this one, but resigned a few weeks before it sailed, in "consequence of an incompatibility of opinion between himself and the officer in command of the expedition." Dr. Walker speaks of Mr. Hall—who it appears, though honored with the nautical title of "captain," is by profession an engraver—as one "whose only knowledge of navigation is derived from the experience gained in being twice a passenger in a whaleship to Davis Strait, and whose only experiment in taking the command of white men resulted in so-called 'mutiny and death.' His qualification for command and his education, as well as that of all the officers—with the exception of Dr. Bessels—is spoken of with undisguised contempt, and the prospect of it resulting in anything but a fiasco is prophesied as being very faint. "I informed the Secretary of the Navy," writes this severe, but it cannot be denied experienced and well-informed critic, "that in one month there

would be discontent—in six, mutiny." He disclaims, in credit to the United States, that it should bear the somewhat grandiloquent title of "The United States Exploring Expedition to the North Pole," but simply "what of late it has begun to be called, and what its commander always designated it, 'Captain Hall's Arctic Expedition.'"

ALEXIS AT LAST!

As we write, the news comes to us that the long-expected Grand Duke has actually arrived, and is awaiting the Reception Committee in the lower bay.

We regret to notice a disposition on the part of one at least of our daily Press to sneer and cavil at the honors about to be paid to him by our citizens, as being misdirected, because, forsooth, he is not the heir-apparent, but only the third son of the Czar. We trust that the spirit which suggests his welcome is not simply one of toadyism and flunkysm which would curry favor with the prospective ruler of a great empire, but that he may receive a genuine, hearty, manly reception from our people, which shall indicate no abandonment of republican principles on our part, and shall be recognized, as in truth it is, merely as an act of popular international courtesy and an expression of good-will between two nations who, though their ideas of government are directly antagonistic, can yet keep pace with civilization by maintaining their friendly relations undisturbed by any cause.

THE LATE COLONEL JAMES M. SANDERSON.—We deeply regret to announce the sudden death of Colonel James M. Sanderson, of the Langham Hotel, London, who died on the 16th of November, of heart-disease. He went some years ago to take charge of the Langham Hotel, which became *par excellence* the hotel of the Americans who passed through the Modern Babylon on their way to the Continent. His urbanity and attention to his guests made him the popular host of all who ever had the good fortune to be under his care. Colonel Sanderson will be remembered by military men as having been entrusted by Secretary Stanton with the superintendence of "cooking" for the Army of the Potomac during its advance on Richmond. It may be added that the colonel was captured by the Southerners, and was long detained as a prisoner.

DURING the fiscal year ended June 30th, 1871, the value of petroleum exported from the United States amounted to more than the value of all the beef, pork, lard, bacon and hams, and cheese, which were exported. In fact, except gold and silver, there were only two articles of the year's export the values of which exceeded that of petroleum, namely: cotton and breadstuffs. The value of cotton exported was \$220,000,000; of gold and silver, \$84,000,000; of breadstuffs, \$29,000,000; of petroleum, \$35,000,000. Of petroleum, it is estimated by some that the consumption at home is equal to the amount exported. If this be the case, the value of the yield of petroleum in the United States reaches \$70,000,000. There are those among our readers who, seeing the amount and dignity to which the petroleum traffic has grown, will look with less impatience and contempt upon the faded certificates of "oil stocks" as they turn up occasionally in searches among files and boxes of mainly disused documents, mournful relics of other days.

THE London *Athenaeum*, in a review of Mr. Tuckerman's "American Artist's Life," says: "Mr. Tuckerman's book does not impress us very favorably. Knowing as we do that there are better sculptures of United States production than the coarsely-wrought and crudely-conceived 'Greek Slave,' we cannot but lament that our author should have devoted seventeen closely-printed octavo pages of unqualified laudation to the author of that statue and his works."

SAYS the New York *World*: "The interests, nay, the existence of the Democratic party are staked upon its recognition of the soundness of our former advice, and pursuing, while it is not yet too late, a liberal and progressive policy in accordance with the new and irreversible order of thing consequent upon the late civil war. It will not do for the Democratic party to be any longer the Rip Van Winkle of politics."

THE following letter from Cardinal Antonelli, the Prime Minister of the Pope of Rome, is taken from the *Nicaragua Gazette*. The Cardinal thus writes to the Bishop of Nicaragua:

"We have lately been informed here that an attempt has been made to change the order of things hitherto existing in that republic, by publishing a programme in which are announced 'freedom of education' and of worship. Both these principles are not only contrary to the laws of God and of the Church, but are in contradiction with the Concordat established between the Holy See and that republic. Although we doubt not that your most illustrious and reverend

lordship will do all in your power against maxims so destructive to the Church and to society, still we deem it by no means superfluous to stimulate your well-known zeal to see that the clergy, and, above all, the curates, do their duty. G. CARDINAL ANTONELLI."

Freedom of education and of worship "contrary to the laws of God and of the Church!" And this from the headquarters of "Mother Church" in the nineteenth century!

THE New York *World*, apropos of the recent city election, congratulates itself that the average respectable New Yorker has opened his eyes to "the absurdity of entrusting his money to thieves, the education of his children to those of his neighbors who are most in need of education, the embellishment of the scene of his daily walks to men who erect eyesores at great cost, and the charge of the supply of water to the men who are most loftily indifferent to its uses, whether for ablution or imbibition."

THE REV. BEECHER, in a recent sermon, declared himself in favor of civil service reform. "The Administration," he exclaimed, "must reform the civil service. Every custom-house is now a bribe-shop, and nearly all the other offices are damning and deadening to the national conscience."

PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

Destruction of a Raft by Gun-Cotton.

The engraving represents one of the Autumn military manoeuvres in England. The Engineers, on the 24th of October last, made a series of experiments at Chatham, in the presence of the Commander-in-Chief, his staff and numerous naval and military officers of the British service. The scene is that of the explosion of a submarine torpedo of gun-cotton. Six mines, extending across the Medway, and charged with only 50 pounds of gun-cotton, placed ten feet below the surface of the water, were exploded successively, the columns of water being thrown up in masses far exceeding, and in height surpassing, the most famous fountains. After this a steamer supposed to be a friendly vessel was allowed to pass harmlessly over the torpedo, while a raft towed behind it, and carrying some stunted figures dressed in soldiers' jackets and trousers, was blown into fragments as it crossed the spot where its buried enemy lay concealed.

Banquet Given by the Lord Mayor of London to MM. Say and Vautrain.

M. Say, Prefect of the Seine, and M. Vautrain, President of the Municipal Council of Paris, being visitors in London, were entertained by the Lord Mayor of the latter city at a grand banquet, on the 15th of October last, in the magnificent saloon in the Mansion House, known as the Egyptian Hall. Among the peculiar features of the occasion were the sword-bearer stationed behind the Lord Mayor, bearing the splendid jewel-mounted sword presented to the City by Queen Elizabeth, the mace-bearer, the jockey and coachman in antique livery, and the old custom of passing around the love-cup, an immense golden goblet, filled with a mixture of Champagne and Bordeaux wines, from which each of the guests drank while his or her neighbor held the cover. The Lord Mayor and the Lady Mayoress were seated at the centre of the table, side by side. Adjoining the Lady Mayoress, were seated the special guests of the evening, MM. Say and Vautrain, and at the side of the Lord Mayor, the Countess of Beauchamp, Lord Lyons, M. Gavard, French *Chargé d'Affaires*, and the Persian Minister.

The Monetary Crisis in France—Bankers at the Bourse.

The Bourse in Paris is an institution analogous to one Stock Exchange or Gold Room, and occasionally presents scenes quite as exciting as those witnessed in our own city in the region of Wall and Broad Streets. The recent monetary crisis in France was one of those occasions which drew to that rendezvous an immense concourse of bankers, merchants, and others interested in the funds, all displaying that natural excitement so difficult to be repressed or concealed where the pocket is concerned.

The First Ontario Parliament.

We represent in this number the first Legislative Assembly of Ontario. This sole legislative body in the Province (saving the delegated Royal Sanction) has pursued a close-fisted system of economy, and has accomplished an amount of practical legislation, hitherto unexampled in the country. The railway grants, the law reforms, the swamp drainage and free homestead systems, the education law, and many other measures of an eminently practical character, bespeak the spirit of progress and prudence which actuated the gentlemen whose portraits are represented on page 180. If they continue in their efforts, not only will the Province of Ontario be benefited, but other provinces will see how to apply the money now needlessly expended, to objects of prominent advantage to the people.

Breakwater of Artificial Stone in the Harbor of Carthage.

A description of this improvement will be found on page 183.

Wreck of H. M. S. "Megara" at St. Paul's Island.

The *Megara*, which left Queenstown on March 14th, after the usual official inspection, had a prosperous voyage as far as the Cape, leaving that port for Sydney on May 28th. On June 8th a slight leak was discovered on the port side, beneath the coal-bunkers, which for five days was kept under by hand-pumps. After that date steam power was used, as the water began to gain considerably. The captain determined to put to St. Paul's Island, for the purpose of examining the ship's bottom with a diving-apparatus, which he had, fortunately, brought with him from England. The report of the divers and of the engineers was unfavorable to a continuance of the voyage. The plate in which the leak occurred was completely honeycombed by age and wear, and there were rusty spots in other places. On hearing this, Captain Thrupp ordered the provisions and stores to be at once landed. Within five days the men were under tents, well protected by the weather, and fairly sup-

plied with provisions, about 150 pounds of fish being caught daily, though flour, biscuits and lime-juice were scarce. The conduct of both officers and men was admirable, and we only read of one case of insubordination having occurred. On the 16th of July a Dutch ship, named the *Aurora*, bound for Batavia, in ballast, seeing the distress flag of the *Megara* hoisted on the signal hill, shortened sail and drew near to land. The life-boat, under Acting Lieutenant L. T. Jones, got alongside of her, and Mr. Jones, having gone on board, sent back a message that the Dutch captain would take twenty men, and do anything Captain Thrupp wished. In the morning she had disappeared, being, probably, afraid to stay so close under the land. Mr. Jones, however, fulfilled his instructions, communicated with the authorities both in England and Australia, and by the last accounts the crew of the *Megara* have arrived in safety at Melbourne. Our engraving represents the *Megara* ashore on the bar, where she was run up to prevent sinking, on the 19th of June, 1871. In the background can be seen the encampment, the tents and houses being made out of spars, sails and ropes, and some of turf, with sails for roofs; the boats crossing the bar, landing stores, etc., on which a very heavy surf breaks often so bad as to prevent communication with the wreck; the signal station on top of the highest peak, where several of the crew used to keep a lookout for vessels passing, and try to attract their attention by hoisting the ensign upside down and firing rockets.

The Orléans Princes at the Chantilly Races.

The town of Chantilly, situate about twenty-three miles N.E. of Paris, has long been celebrated for its manufactures of laces and porcelain. It also owes its interest to its ruined castle and noble domain, long the seat of the Condé family, and where the great Condé entertained Louis XIV. in a style of royal magnificence. The castle was destroyed in 1793, but the splendid stables remain, and the fine park-grounds and the modern château (lately the property of the Duke d'Aumale) are full of historic memorials. The Forest of Chantilly comprises 6,700 acres; in it are several buildings of interest, and races are periodically held there. The illustration represents one of these races, at which, recently, the Orléans princes were present.

SCIENTIFIC.

THE total fall of rain in Calcutta to the 31st July was 64.24 inches, the average for seventeen years being 37.13 inches. This rain was accompanied by heavy floods and much damage to crops.

THE San Francisco *Bulletin* estimates that the vintage of California for the year 1871 will amount to 8,000,000 gallons of wine, to which may be added from 180,000 to 200,000 gallons of brandy.

SHEET-ZINC for roofing is, in many respects, very useful, but hitherto it has not been found to be durable. M. Artus, of the Vieille Montagne Company, has introduced a zinc white paint, with silicate of potash as a vehicle, which is said to be exceedingly durable, and to keep the metal roofing very cool.

THE *Journal de l'Eclairage au Gaz* of Paris makes a strange statement, that petroleum can, by a new process, which is not published, be converted into a permanent solid, which will burn without liquefying, and be preserved a firm mass for any period of time.

THE *Photographic News* draws attention to the value of nickel, applied by the electro-deposit, as a coating to polished steel, iron or brass, in protecting these metals from corrosion. The nickel coating, he assures us, protects steel, copper and brass from the action of even nitrate of silver and sulphur.

PROFESSOR BUTLER recommends gun-cotton, saturated with a solution of permanganate of potash, put up in the form of a poultice, and held over an open wound by a bandage, as the best disinfectant for bad odors that can be conveniently applied. The strength of the solution of permanganate, best adapted for the purpose, is one part, by weight, of dry salt in one hundred parts of water. Ordinary cotton cannot be taken, as it readily decomposes; but gun-cotton is permanent, and not liable to explosion.

THE usefulness of earthquakes was a favorite subject with the late Sir John Herschel. Were it not for the changes in the earth's crust which are constantly being effected by the action of subterranean forces, of which the earthquake is the most active manifestation, there can be no doubt that the action of the sea beating upon the land, together with the denuding power of rain, would inevitably cover the entire earth with one vast ocean. "Had the primordial world been constructed as it now exists," says Sir John Herschel, "time enough has elapsed, and force enough directed to that end has been in activity, to have long ago destroyed every vestige of land."

ALCOHOL, it is well known, can be distilled from anything that ferments, no matter whether the fermenting matter be a loaf of unbaked bread or a reeking garbage-vessel. Thus the garbage is gathered from the houses of citizens, dumped into watertight vats, boiled for several hours, the grease is carefully skimmed off for soap-making purposes, and the pulpy mass fermented and distilled. The refuse goes to the corn-field, the peach-orchard, or the vineyard. A barrel of garbage yields three pounds of soap grease and four gallons of proof spirits. The philosophical and chemical mind may know that whisky distilled from garbage is as pure and cleanly as that which comes from corn; but for a steady beverage the ordinary drunkard will doubtless prefer sound Bourbon or Old Rye.

A COMMITTEE of the Boston Society of Natural History has for the past twelve years been investigating the subject of the "frozen well" at Brandon, Vt., and in their last report appear to have made but little progress from the starting-point—and that little is backward. The committee report that for twelve years the ice has remained in the Brandon well during the hot months of Summer, notwithstanding openings were made in the soil, and a tunnel was run into the gravel bed to give more free access to the warm surface-water. Further on it is asserted that there is nothing in the composition of the water which will explain the freezing, and that no electric current passes through the well or surrounding soil. And so the committee come to the conclusion that: "The gravel bed, it is believed, was frozen by the cold of previous rigorous Winters, and the wave of Summer heat has not yet been able to overcome that cold."

PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

THE net profit of a year's income from the Alaska post-office was seventy-six dollars.

CLIO, Mich., has a bologna-sausage factory and no dog-tax.

THE Mikado of Japan is throwing off his exclusiveness, and is appearing freely in public.

MEMPHIS, Tenn., is the best interior cotton market in the world.

RELATIVES of the killed Chinamen at Los Angeles are suing that city for damages.

MRS. SHERMAN, the Derby murderess, will be tried at New Haven, next month.

THE potatoes in a ten-acre lot in Wisconsin were nicely roasted by the great fires.

THE Tennessee Legislature paid a visit of respect to Mrs. Polk, widow of the ex-President, on November 14th.

A PRISONER going to jail in Burlington, Vt., offered to play the sheriff "seven-up" to see whether he should get twenty years or nothing.

PRESIDENT THIERS has rejected a second application by Victor Hugo for a commutation of Rochefort's sentence.

THE King of Dahomey attended a grand feast the other day, wearing a quantity of druggist's labels as decorations.

DR. MARY WALKER is disgusted at the prospect of tight pantaloons coming into fashion again. She says they make her look like a pair of tongs.

THE Rev. Mr. Voysey, an English clergyman of original talent, has devised a church ritual of his own, which is not orthodox but Voysey very.

A BOSTON paper remarks that: "If the garroting business is not interfered with, there will be a large sale of revolvers during the next few weeks."

"INDIAN JOE," a Piute medicine man, well known among the whites, was stoned to death by his tribe, having failed to restore to health two sick Indians.

It is said that the Emperor of Austria, on his coronation as King of Bohemia, is about to institute a new Order, to be styled the Order of Wenceslas.

THE prevailing use of the Russian tongue among the natives of Alaska is a serious obstacle to intercommunication with Americans. It is positively a wall run.

A MASSACHUSETTS clergyman has resigned his pastorate and asked his discharge—probably believing it to be high time, after being presented by his congregation with a burial lot.

A TRAIL has been laid to the summit of Pike's Peak, and Miss Amanda Hannah, of Greeley, that village of embryonic greatness, is the first and only woman who ever made the ascent.

ON the 22d day of the ex-Emperor of the French, November 15th, a large deputation from Paris arrived in England and proceeded to Chislehurst, where they offered their congratulations to her majesty. The officers of the late Imperial Guard sent bouquets to be presented on the occasion.

ONE of the local events of the day is the departure of Grant, Jr., with General Sherman, for Europe. "Go abroad, my son, and see with what little wisdom the world is governed," said Orestes; but Grant need not have said that to his son. All he had to do was to stay at Washington, and see there how mighty little wisdom in the art of governing is made to go a marvellously great way.

MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

MME. PAREPA-ROSA and her opera company are performing in Pittsburgh. They are meeting with great success.

THE celebrated German actor, Hermann Hendrichs, has died at Berlin, of a pulmonary paralysis.

THE Dolby Concert Troupe, after visiting Albany and other cities up the Hudson, will return to New York to sing in "The Messiah" at Steinway Hall on the 23d inst.

"LE PONT DES SOUPIERS" (The Bridge of Sighs)—one of Offenbach's operas, now to this country—in preparation at Lina Edwin's, where the vivacious Almée reigns supreme.

THAT clever artist, Chanfrau, who appeared as Niblo's last Spring, in meeting with great success at San Francisco, where he has been acting in "Kit," "Mose," and the "Hidden Hand."

MISS CARRIE RENZI, the soprano singer who appeared at Steinway Hall last season, sang on Sunday night, the 19th inst., at the Grand Opera House. Her fine voice was appreciated by a delighted audience.

THE St. James Theatre, which has been very successful since its opening, has resorted to the legitimate, and has brought out the talented actress, Annie Lonsdale, supported by an excellent comedy company.

NILSSON was announced to appear as *Mignon*, her greatest rôle, on the 17th inst. Owing to her indisposition, "La Sonnambula" was substituted. Miss Nilsson will, probably, appear on the 22d in the rôle she was unable to assume last week.

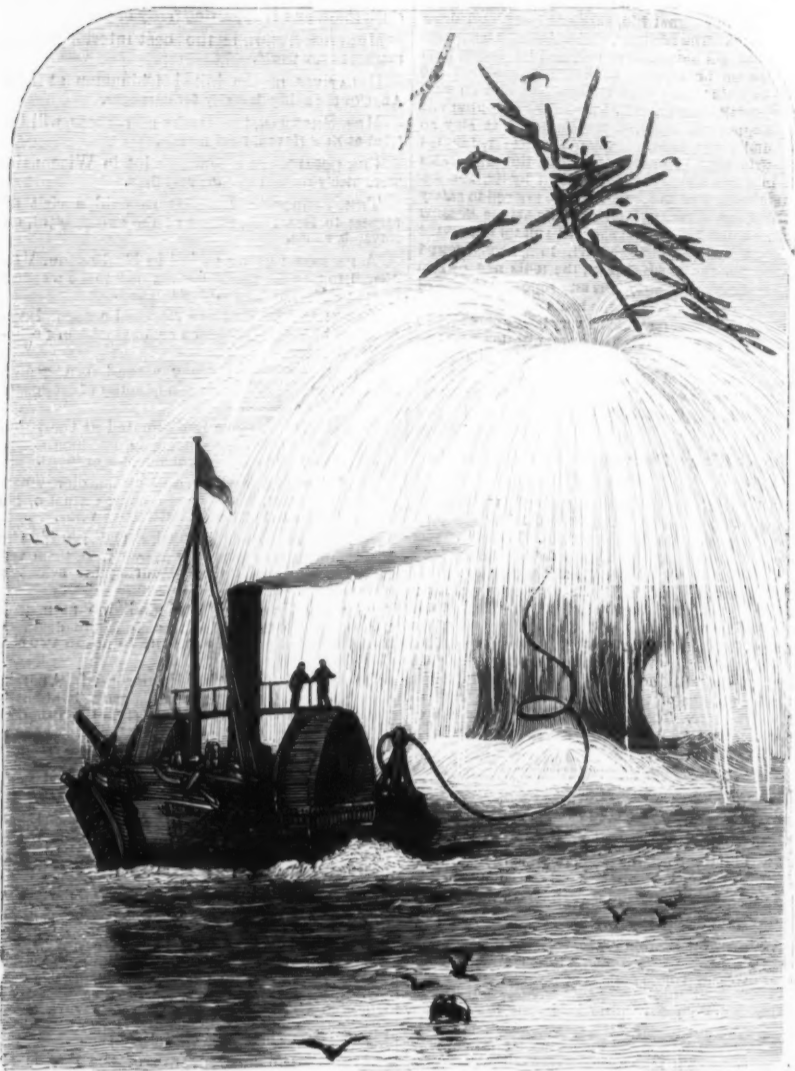
THE great Wachtel has left the Stadt Theatre, and has gone on a concert tour through the country. He will prove a favorite wherever he goes. His fine, powerful voice and his graceful bearing have already caused him to be admired by a large multitude.

MR. NEIL WARNER and Miss Grace Rawlinson are starting at Richmond, Va. They have already produced "Richieu," "Richard III." and "A New Way to Pay Old Debts." Mr. Warner's great tragic ability and Miss Rawlinson's grace and sweetness elicit most favorable comment from the Southern Press.

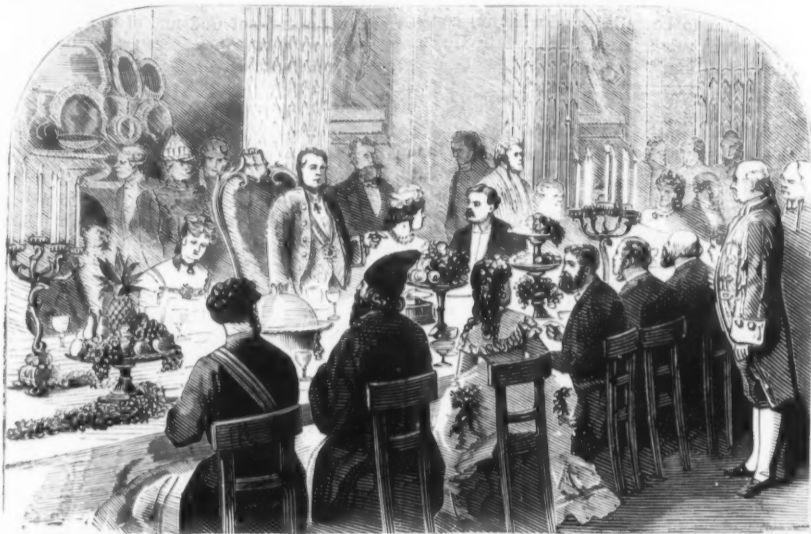
MR. JOHN E. OWENS, whose rendition of the life-like character, *Caleb Plummer*, has charmed so many, appeared last Monday night at Booth's Theatre as *Solon Shingle*. His acting in this part is as studied and careful as in any; but as *Solon Shingle* he has a better chance to display his great powers as a low comedian.

THE storm on Tuesday, the 14th inst., did not prevent those who attended the first Russian Concert given by Prince Galitzin at Steinway Hall from enjoying a real musical treat, all the more acceptable by reason of its novelty. The concert was in all respects a pleasant one. A large orchestra and chorus performed, under the direction of the accomplished Prince, some twelve characteristic compositions. The programme was well supplied with the productions of the conductor. Among them was an "Emancipation Fantasia," which was received with great applause. Mr. J. Levy, the cornet soloist, figured prominently in the entertainment, and delighted the audience with the rendition of some of the Prince's best contributions. In addition to the above performances, one or two operatic extracts from Glinka's opera, "To Die for the Czar," were given with good effect.

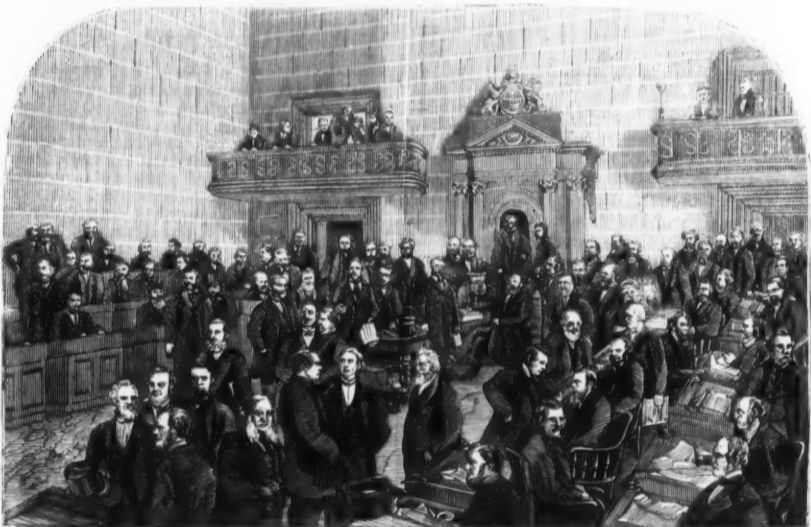
The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



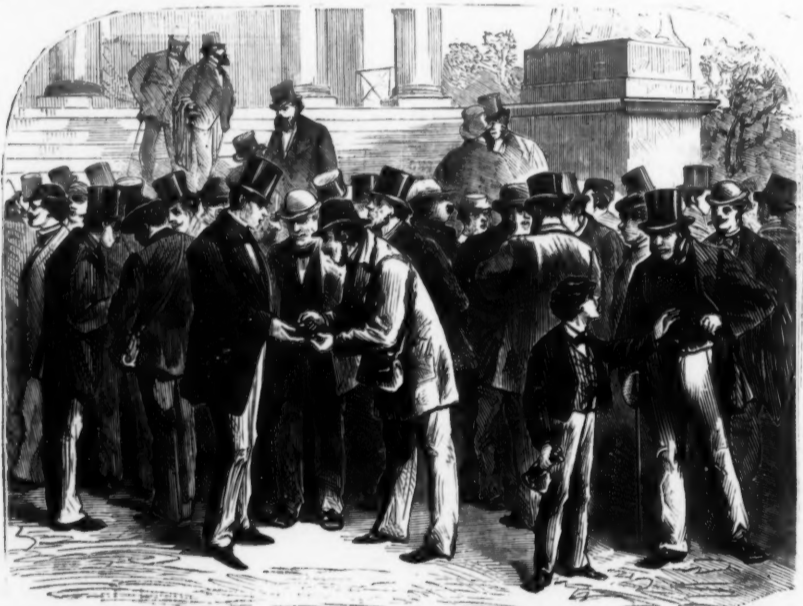
ENGLAND.—DESTRUCTION OF A RAFT BY EXPLOSION OF A SUBMARINE MINE OF GUN-COTTON.



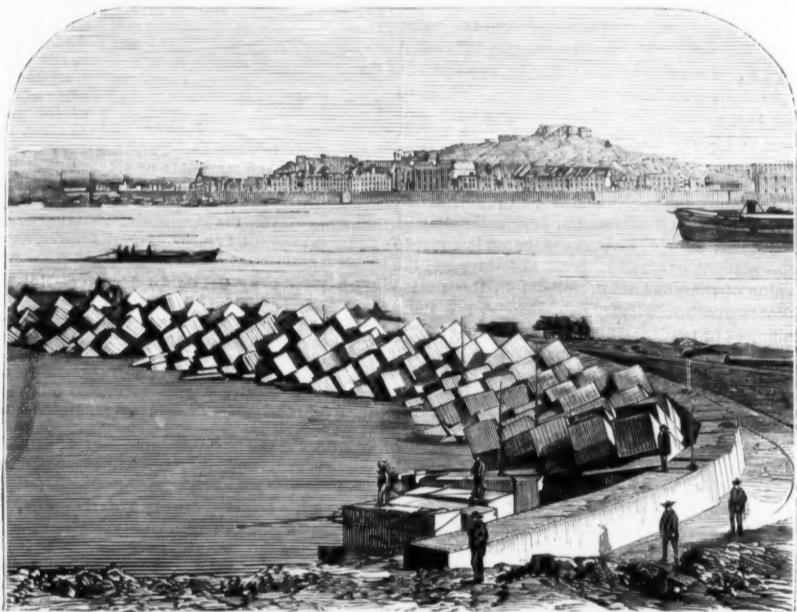
ENGLAND.—BANQUET GIVEN BY THE LORD MAYOR OF LONDON TO FRENCH MUNICIPAL OFFICERS.



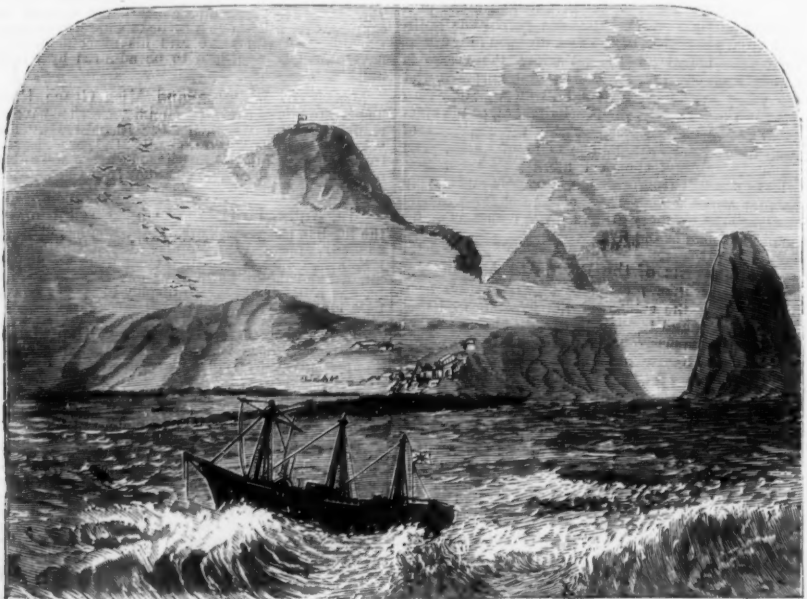
CANADA.—THE FIRST ONTARIO PARLIAMENT.



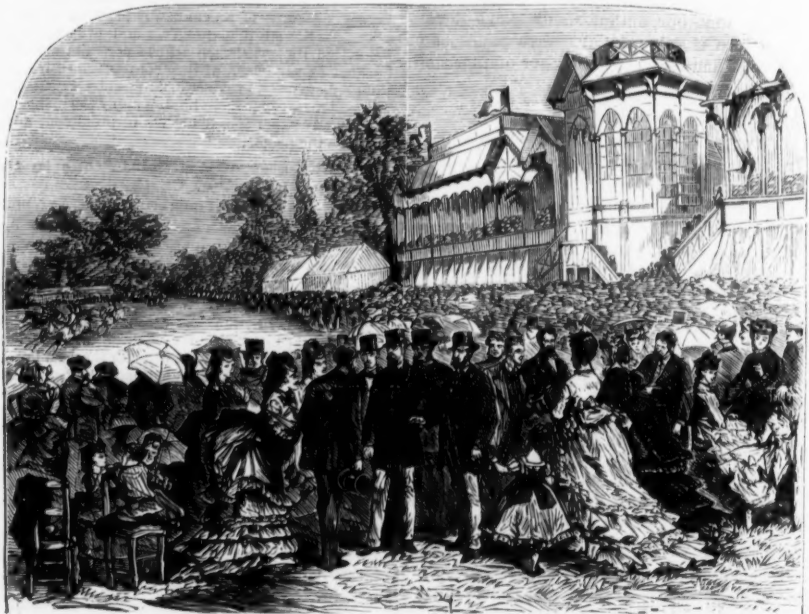
FRANCE.—THE MONETARY CRISIS AT PARIS—MONEY-DEALERS AT THE BOURSE.



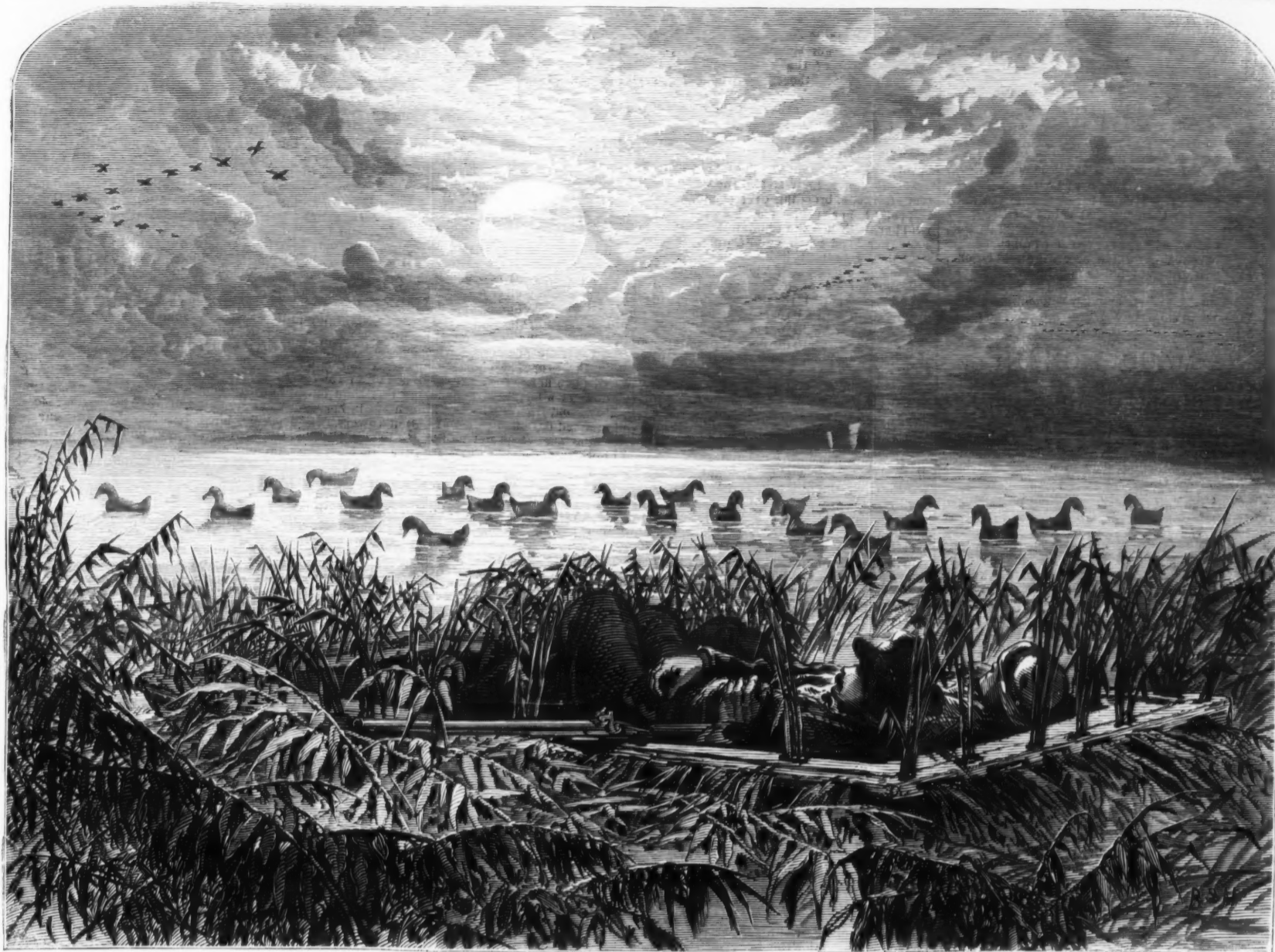
SPAIN.—BREAKWATER OF ARTIFICIAL STONE AT CARTHAGENA.



INDIAN OCEAN.—WRECK OF THE BRITISH WAR-SHIP "MEGERA" AT ST. PAUL'S ISLAND.



FRANCE.—THE ORLEANS PRINCES AT THE CHANTILLY RACES.



NEW YORK.—SPORTS OF THE SEASON—DUCK-SHOOTING IN GREAT SOUTH BAY, NEAR CENTRE MORICHES, LONG ISLAND.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 183.

REAR-ADMIRAL JAMES ALDEN.

REAR-ADMIRAL JAMES ALDEN, who left this port on Friday morning, November 17th, to take command of the European Squadron of United States war-vessels, has probably seen more hard fighting than any other officer of his grade. He is a native of Maine, from which State he was appointed Midshipman, April 1st, 1828. During the following three years he was attached to the Naval Station at Boston, Mass.; and in 1832 he entered upon active sea service in the sloop-of-war *John Adams*, of the Mediterranean Squadron. On the 14th of June, 1834, he was promoted to Passed Midshipman; and a few months later was ordered to the Navy Yard, Boston. He was on duty on an exploring expedition from 1839 to 1842, and while absent received the commission of Lieutenant.

During the Mexican War, Lieutenant Alden was attached to the Home Squadron, and participated in the engagements at Vera Cruz, Tuxpan and Tobasco. From 1848 to 1860 he was on coast survey duty, receiving on the 14th of September, 1855, his commission as Commander.

The opening of the Rebellion found him in command of the steamer *South Carolina*, blockading the port of Galveston. On the 3d of August, 1861, one of the tenders of the *South Carolina*, while returning from a cruise to the southward, was fired upon from two rebel batteries. The fire was returned vigorously, and the fact being communicated to the commander, he took measures to ascertain the cause of the action. No explanation coming from the authorities, Commander Alden prepared his vessel for a fight, and in the afternoon steamed toward the batteries. The *General Rusk*, a large ocean steamer which had long been preparing for sea, undertook to escape, but Commander Alden giving chase, she was compelled to retreat. Shortly after, she made a second attempt, but this was also unsuccessful. The *South Carolina* then stood direct for the batteries, and in a few moments was in the midst of a heavy fire, which was main-



REAR-ADMIRAL JAMES ALDEN, U. S. N.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HENRY ULKE & BROTHER.

tained until her commander, fearing he was inflicting greater injury on the city, and perhaps on unoffending citizens, than the batteries, or those who sought the collision, withdrew his ship.

During the passages of Fort Jackson and St. Philip, April 24th, 1862, Commander Alden was in charge of the steam sloop *Richmond*, and handled his ship with great skill at that important time. He also made two passages of the Vicksburg batteries, in April, 1863. In January, 1864, he received his commission as Captain. The memorable engagement with Forts Morgan and Gaines and a number of Rebel gunboats, in Mobile Bay, August 5th, 1864, found Captain Alden in command of the steam sloop *Brooklyn*, that vessel having, at the earnest request of the captains and commanding officers of the fleet, been designated by Rear-Admiral Farragut as the leading ship of the line. The *Brooklyn* was particularly fitted for this advanced position, as she had four chase guns and an ingenious arrangement for picking up torpedoes. Fort Morgan opened the ball by firing on the *Brooklyn*, which was instantly returned, and the action immediately became general. Captain Alden also commanded the *Brooklyn* in the two attacks on Fort Fisher, after which, it will be remembered, Congress voted thanks to Rear-Admiral Porter, his officers and men, for their gallant conduct on that occasion.

His commission of Commodore was issued July 25th, 1866. During the two following years he was in command of the steam frigate *Minnesota*, engaged on special service. In April, 1869, Commodore Alden was appointed Chief of the Bureau of Navigation and Detail, Navy Department, and resigned his position a few months ago, on being promoted to the rank of Rear-Admiral, and receiving orders to take command of the European Squadron of United States vessels.

During his long term of service, Rear-Admiral Alden has spent twenty-six years at sea, engaged for the most part on important public duty. He is an accomplished gentleman and a fine model of the American fighting sailor. Tall, commanding in pres-

ence, experienced in his profession, and courteous to all, he is well qualified to represent our Navy in foreign waters.

A BIRTHDAY.

ANOTHER year has passed away—so soon!
For soon it seems, although my calm life keeps
The sameness of a shadow-line that creeps
Down a blank wall from early morn to noon.
I still am waiting vainly to be taught,
By some dream realized, how much more keen
Is real joy than joy that is but seen
In visions fashioned by too idle thought.
Still, sadly wishful, every year I build
Some scheme by which, before the next is gone,
An eager crowd of hopes may be fulfilled.
Shall I in very fact ever ascend
The dreamed-of heaven, or half content pass on
Until some silent day shall bring the end?

MAUD MOHAN;

OR,

WAS HE WORTH THE WINNING?

BY ANNIE THOMAS,

AUTHOR OF "DENNIS DONNE," "CALLED TO ACCOUNT,"
"THE DOWER HOUSE," "PLAYED OUT," ETC.

CHAPTER XIX.—(CONTINUED).

For the first few days Maud put down all the symptoms of approaching illness to the great bodily fatigue she had been undergoing lately. But when days passed, and the fatigue deepened, instead of decreasing, she made the hard confession to herself and Mrs. Clarke that she was really ill.

Really ill! ay, in body and mind, too, poor girl! though she was never guilty of repenting of that which she had done. Still, as I said before, she was but mortal, and mortals cannot give up that which is dearest to them while here below, without feeling the aching void that something has left. The sun of Maud Mohan's life had set, for all the brightness which she had contrived to cast about the paths of others. The sun of her own life had set—she thought for ever. At times she quaked, too, under the influence of the fear that his mother had been right, and that this marriage, which she (Maud) had furthered, would not be the "best thing" that could have happened for Ted.

This doubt began to harass her, now that it was too late. She fell into a low, feverish state, and with the pertinacity of fever the idea constantly recurred to her that Ted and Gertrude would not be happy, after all. Sometimes she thought, with a shudder, that Gertrude would, when the first flush of gratitude was over, be jealous of her (Maud). Sometimes she feared despondently that Gertrude would gird against any association with the Ollivers—and the Ollivers, now that Gertrude was Lady Maskleyne, seemed willing to bury their dead, and associate very freely with her again. But none of her fears for the future touched the truth.

There is so much more to tell about this trio, and so little space for it to be told in, that I must narrate events rather rapidly. Old Lady Maskleyne had of course refused to grace the nuptials with her presence, but Edward, knowing well his mother's tenderness for him, prophesied that she would meet his wife with open arms on their return from their wedding-tour.

The happy pair came home to England in auspicious Summer weather; and Maud Mohan met them in London. Edward's first question to her was:

"When did you see my mother last, Maud? She hasn't answered my letters."

"I haven't seen her for some time," Maud answered, shrinking while she could from the avowal that since his marriage Lady Maskleyne had refused to hold any communication at all with one whom she regarded as having gone over to the enemy's side.

He waited until Gertrude went up to her room to direct her maid what to unpack during their brief sojourn in town. Then he said:

"Have you seen her since your illness?"

"No, Ted; but I've been out of town," she replied, apologetically.

"Have you seen her since my marriage?" he persisted—and she was obliged to say "No."

A silence full of bitterness to the man, and of sadness to the woman, ensued. Then he broke it by asking:

"Do you think any good would come of my taking Gertrude to my mother? She could not be harsh and unjustly cruel to poor Gertrude if she saw her, could she?"

"Ted, I don't know what to advise," Maud said, tremulously. "My idea is that Time will be your best friend in the matter: when she sees how perfectly happy dear Gertrude makes you, and what a noble creature she is altogether, your mother will relent."

"But how will she know that, if she refuses to meet not only Gertrude and me, but the only one who could do complete justice to Gertrude, yourself?" he urged.

"I would recommend bold measures—you know I would—if I had the faintest hope they would succeed; but you know how firm your mother can be: supposing she said something to Gertrude that she could never forget or forgive, how then?"

"I must risk it!" he said, excitedly. "I can't go down to live at the old place, not knowing whether or not the mother who won me back for me means to make herself a stranger there, and be at feud with me; I can't stand the uncertainty. I'll take Gertrude there this afternoon."

Maud said no more. He was determined; she saw that opposition would only render him angry and suspicious, and so like a wise woman she ceased to offer it. When Gertrude came down, he told her of his intention, and her face showed the intense agitation this prospect caused her. But she only said:

"Very well, Ted! Maud, dear, will you go with us?"

Maud stammered out a refusal. Brave as she was, she could not brace herself up to go and bear the sight of the humiliation that most assuredly awaited those two whom she loved so well.

Gertrude's earnest eyes read the reason of the refusal at once, and she said nothing more. But the stifled sigh that escaped her, and the quick spasm of mental pain that contracted her mouth for a moment, spoke volumes.

The Dowager Lady Maskleyne was at home that afternoon, brooding over her baffled hopes respecting her son, in a loose, violet silk wrapper, with a white Shetland shawl muffled about her head and face in a way that was intended to represent indisposition and uncontrollable agony of mind. The blinds were down, and the curtains half drawn, and the room generally darkened to the proper degree of grief. A rumor had reached her that her son and his wife were in town. Some friend had seen them drive up to the door of the Alexandria Hotel, and had sped with the tidings to the aggrieved mother.

She was hoping and longing to see him. She had not been able to bring herself to write to him, but the maternal interest was strong in her, and she knew that if he passed through London without attempting to see her, her heart would be very sore indeed. It never entered into her wildest imaginings that he would have the miserable audacity to bring with him the woman whose fatally fair face had caused all the mischief.

"The poor mother who toiled for years to win back his inheritance is nothing to him now," she was murmuring bitterly, when the door opened and her little page announced—

"Sir Edward and Lady Maskleyne!"

The next moment Gertrude received one of the sharpest blows that had been dealt to her yet.

CHAPTER XX.—THE CUT DIRECT.

OLD Lady Maskleyne rose up. A tall woman always, she seemed to tower taller than ever under the influence of excitement, and by the aid of the effect long, limp garments invariably give of additional height to the wearer. Gertrude paused just inside the door. And the "little foot page" discreetly retired to the outside of the same, where he sedulously applied eye and ear alternately to the keyhole.

"Mother," Edward said, very distinctly, but with such appealing tenderness in every tone—"mother, I have brought my wife to you." He went forward as he spoke, and his mother flung her arms round his neck; but between the intervals of pressing wild kisses on his face, she hurried her javelin at poor Gertrude.

"You should have spared me this degradation, my son. Has she taught you already to have no feeling for the honor of the women of your house?"

He checked an oath. It was his mother speaking, after all. He turned to give Gertrude one look of love and protection. But Gertrude did not see him. She stood quite still, her head up, her eyes fixed on Lady Maskleyne.

"You are very merciful," she murmured. "What wrong have I done you, that you are so cruel to me?"

"What wrong? She asks what wrong! You have ruined my son."

Then Gertrude turned round, and went away out of the room, and down the stairs; and Edward, after saying to his mother, "Mother, you drive me from you," followed her.

"Is even Ted worth all this?" Maud Mohan questioned, as she sat, by-and-by, watching poor young Lady Maskleyne in the throes of such mental anguish as Maud had never witnessed before. The poor outraged creature! How she writhed and tortured herself with the idea that there might be truth in the assertion that old Lady Maskleyne had made with such crushing virulence, that she (Gertrude) "had been the ruin of her son."

"Maud! supposing Ted should grow to hate me for having cost him so much!"

"You will cost him nothing that he's not just as well without," the generous-hearted girl said, stoutly. But though she spoke with such full assurance, her own heart misgave her. She had not that perfect knowledge of men which a married woman, gifted with sharp powers of observation, must have; but she knew quite enough of the genus, to be well aware that the man who loses prestige through his wife, is not the closer bound to her by the fact. Still, for love of the helpless, stricken creature before her, she averred, "You will cost him nothing that he's not just as well without."

"Sir Edward and Lady Maskleyne, for Colton Towers," was the announcement in the "Departure" column of the *Morning Post*, a few days after this. They had no inducement to remain in town. Old Lady Maskleyne blew hot and cold, as far as society was concerned. Sometimes she would shut herself up in figurative sackcloth and ashes, and decline every invitation. Then, for a change (for this admirable matron could not endure monotony), she would sail away upon a sea of festivity, when she was a very marked vessel of wrath concerning the infatuation of her son. Altogether, Edward judged wisely that London was not the place for his sensitive Gertrude just then.

"At Colton Towers, she'll come to feel the strength of her position gradually," he would say, confidently, to Maud. "She'll be in the best set, you see—the set that my uncle never tried to keep among after his marriage; and after that preliminary canter, the race for social life up here won't seem so hard to her."

And Maud heartily encouraged this view of the case, and prayed earnestly that it might not prove a fallacious one.

Now, it happened that just at the time that Sir Edward Maskleyne married, another great county magnate, the Earl of Delamore, took to himself a countess, and the two brides came home about the same time. Delamore Park was the next "place" to Colton Towers. They

were in the same neighborhood, and the earl was the bigger man of the two. But the brides commanded equal interest when they first came home. For, though Lady Delamore was a countess and a duke's daughter, she had weathered a great many London seasons, and the bloom of her youth and beauty was gone. Whereas Lady Maskleyne was loveliness itself, and, additionally, "had a story."

The Delamores and Maskleynes had been friends for several generations, and it was to them that Sir Edward was most anxious to introduce his wife. He had known Lady Delamore in her unmarried days, too; indeed, at one time rumor had said that the lady would have distinguished him with her regard, "an only" he had willed it so. However that may be, he looked forward confidently now to the reconstruction of a close alliance with the Delamores.

"We were home some days before Delamore and his wife," he said to Gertrude, one morning; "we'll go one day and call on them."

Gertrude acquiesced with outward calmness in the proposed plan, but inwardly her mind misgave her. They had been at Colton Towers now for a fortnight, and during this time only those old friends who had known her in her unmarried days had called at Colton Towers.

But she would not be the one to suggest the lowering of clouds; and so after luncheon she had herself dressed in a costume that Edward was specially pleased with, and they started in an open carriage for Delamore Park.

A very lovely woman she looked, reclining in her sloping barouche, dressed in shimmering pale mauve silk, with oceans of rich white lace billowing about her.

"How perfect you are, Gertrude!" her husband whispered, as they drove up the avenue to Delamore, just in time to see a lady come out and prepare to step into a pony-carriage that was waiting for her.

"That's Lady Delamore herself!" he cried, taking his hat off as his own horses swept round close to the pony-carriage.

Gertrude felt her face blanch and her lips tighten. Edward was so eager, so animated and so pleasingly excited, that he saw nothing. But young Lady Maskleyne saw that her fellow-bride was developing that wonderful rigidity which only women can develop toward one. In return for Sir Edward's frank, friendly salute, the lady of the mansion inclined her head about half an inch, stepped into her carriage, and drove rapidly away down the avenue.

It was a dead cut! Cruel in its completeness as only a woman could make it.

At the same moment Lord Delamore came out to mount his horse, which was also waiting, and his eye took in the whole situation at once. He was a good-natured fellow, weak, and entirely in thrall to his wife at present, who was older than himself. Rather awkwardly and with a troubled countenance, he came up to the Maskleyne's carriage, and commenced apologizing for the absence of his wife. "A rather important engagement was the cause," he stammered.

"There is not a word necessary," Sir Edward said, in a tone of such concentrated wrath that the other man felt uncomfortable, while Gertrude, poor girl, almost prayed for instant death.

"Will you introduce me to Lady Maskleyne?" Lord Delamore went on, hurriedly, but Sir Edward took no notice of his request, and Gertrude lowered her parasol, and somehow or other there was a very brief adieu, and then the Maskleyne's drove home.

As soon as she was within the shelter of her own walls, she turned, almost gasping, to her husband.

"Edward, we know the worst now. Your mother was right, and I—oh, my dear, my dear, how miserably wrong I am!"

"Do you think I care for those people, Gertrude?" he asked, vehemently. "Don't you think I grieve more for one line of sorrow on your sweet face than I do for all their cursed spite? My darling, ay, a thousand times, my darling! do me the justice of believing this."

She buried her face on the breast that seemed broad and bold enough to protect her from all wrongs.

"But this will go on, Ted," she said, softly; "it's no use our hoping that it will end." And then she cried such tears as told him plainly that his wife would never be a happy woman.

Over and over again Sir Edward told himself, and his wife, and Maud Mohan (who, of course, came down to Gertrude in this first local trouble), that he "did not care," and that he could "suffice to himself." The two women knew better—and they were so helpless, for all their knowledge.

After that first experience at Delamore Park, the Maskleyne's steadily abstained from seeing anybody, and in candor it must be told that people observed precisely a similar line of action about them.

It was very hard to bear, and they bore it so differently—Sir Edward with a firm defiance, and his wife with such patient sadness as nearly drove him wild.

In time, when they had been married a year or two, and when a little son had been born to gladden his mother's heart and to cause his father to feel that there was something in the future worth living for, after all, people began to take a more lenient view of the past of Lady Maskleyne. Perhaps she had not poisoned her husband! Perhaps, she had not been Sir Edward's mistress before she cajoled him to make her his wife! Perhaps, as she was installed there, and Colton Towers was too good a house to be missed out of the visiting, they might as well accept her!

So some of the leading spirits called, and did her so much honor as may be found in the proffer of a flabby friendship. A friendship which, flabby as it was, Gertrude, in her wonderful, loving patience, for her husband's sake, would have accepted. For she knew how this iron of isolation had eaten into his soul.

But his own order had been bitter to him too

long for him not to be exceedingly embittered against him in return. They had thrown down the gauntlet too insolently, for him not to be compelled to pick it up. And now that they would have smoked the pipe of peace, and buried the hatchet, he would not do it.

What a grandly dreary life it was that they led, to be sure, in that vast old house, with a huge establishment of servants, and no guests for the latter to wait upon. It was inexpressibly dreary to Gertrude, who had come from the large, free, social atmosphere of a most happy home. And it was a living tomb to the man who was cut off from all association with his own class.

He was never unkind to his wife. But Gertrude knew that he remembered that she was the cause of this change in the way in which he was regarded by his fellow-men. And though she loved him passionately, she began to feel that there was something pitiful in his allowing her to know it.

Her own family could do nothing for her. Her mother and Bessie (now Mrs. Charles Roper) belonged entirely to the class that Sir Edward would hold no communication with, when he found his own class stood aloof.

"We must be contented with our solitude, Gertrude," he would say; and poor Gertrude would answer:

"If it were only solitude, I should cherish it; as it is—"

"As it is, you must not repent having married me, my wife."

"I promised never to repent, Ted; but the world is very clever at making it woefully hard to keep one's promises." And then he would tell her to "go to her boy and find comfort;" as if a woman could find comfort and recompense for the loss of every other earthly good in the smiles and gabbles of a baby!

Poor Gertrude! Her vision of life had been so bright at the outburst, and now it had resolved itself into this—to get through each day as complacently as she could before her household. Perhaps it would have been a good thing for her at this juncture if she had been compelled to slave at a wash-tub or to write novels, for the support of her child. As it was, her husband was enabled to keep the vows to support her, which he had made at the altar. And so it came about at last that poor Gertrude loathed that dependence upon him which kept her in the position of the benefited one.

How monotonous that life was at Colton Towers! Day after day dawned and declined, and each was as appallingly blue as the other. She recalled with wonder, now, the romantic visions she had seen, and the dreams she had dreamt, when the rooks flew home (that time when we knew all these people first) to Colton Towers. And recalling these visions and dreams, she could only pity the foolishness of the girl Gertrude Maskleyne, who had seen and dreamt them. The woman Lady Maskleyne was wiser far.

It is a sad and bitter truth, but a great truth, and one that deserves to be well borne in mind, that unhappiness and monotony and dissatisfaction do not beautify the face of a woman. Gertrude, under the influence of the sameness that was around her, joined to the sadness of it, lost that trick of style, that brilliant *verve* and vigor, which had gone far toward making out her claim to beauty in her girlhood. Her face gathered a "set" rather than a "sad" expression. The lines of her figure grew gradually squarer, and her movements slower, and her step heavier. A happy young matron would have been in her best beauty now, in Gertrude's case. But Gertrude was not happy, though her heart was as entirely her husband's as it had been that luckless day when he first won an avowal of love from her.

But the life was unnatural, the seclusion was enforced in the midst of society, and Gertrude lessened under what we call, and must admit to be, a false order of things.

Through it all, stanch Maud Mohan clung to them, like the loyal little lady she was. Making no show of ultra-devotion, but just taking it to be her part to be one "of them," as naturally as she did breathing. Being the best and frankest friend to both husband and wife, the godmother of their boy, who was called "Mohan," after her, and the only guest that ever crossed the threshold of the door at Colton Towers.

"When you marry, and your husband forbids your knowing a woman who has been blown upon as I have been, how very lonely I shall be, Maud!" Gertrude said, once, to her friend.

"Be as lonely as you like when that event occurs—for it never will, Gertrude."

"Do you mean that you'll never marry, Maud?" Gertrude asked, anxiously.

"I don't feel as if I ever should, at present; it seems to me that I shall find my proper vocation in life, in looking after Master Mohan, while you're absorbed with the younger ones!"

"Be my boy's friend as nobly as you have been his mother's!" Gertrude cried, excitedly; and then her face whitened and altered, and she swooned; and when she recovered from that swoon, an awful revelation was made to those who loved her.

(To be continued.)

SAILING OF THE "WABASH," WITH

GENERAL SHERMAN, FOR EUROPE.

THE departure of General Sherman on Friday, November 17th, for Europe, was as quiet an affair as the grim warrior could desire. Early in the morning, the guests of the admiral left the Astor House, and drove to the Battery, where a Government boat lay in waiting to convey them to the *Wabash*, the flagship of the European Squadron, which had been taking in coal off Staten Island. The party consisted of Rear-Admiral Alden; General Sherman, with wife and son; Colonel Audenried, aid to the general, with wife; Lieutenant Frederick Grant, son of the President; the admiral's private secretary, the leader of the

band, the surgeon, and a representative of this journal. General Sherman was in high glee at the prospect of a pleasant release from official cares, and was quite enthusiastic over the appearance of the noble vessel in which he was to sail, and her manly staff of officers.

On reaching the *Wabash*, the party passed over her side, receiving the salutes of the officers and marine guard, and were then led by Admiral Alden below to his cabin. As it was desirable to steam outside the bay as soon as possible, but a few moments were permitted for leave-taking. Mrs. General Sherman and son, Mrs. Colonel Audenried, and our representative, withdrew to the small-boat, and the immense screw of the handsome frigate commenced its revolutions. The distinguished guests walked aft, and as the tug saluted, waved their adieux, which were returned with handkerchiefs and screams from the tug's whistle.

As the frigate bore away, and figures became indistinct to the eye, we could see through our glasses General Sherman pacing up and down the deck at a rapid gait, arm-in-arm with his aid, smoking away for dear life, throwing his ample cloak over his shoulder, and pointing in every direction, evidently enjoying his departure with the heartiest zest. As the *Wabash* approached the squadron of Russian and United States war-vessels at anchor near Sandy Hook, in readiness to receive the long-expected Grand Duke Alexis, the various vessels prepared to salute Admiral Alden and General Sherman; and when the gallant frigate boomed her salute to Admiral Rowan, the entire fleet returned the courtesy, and dipped colors. The *Wabash* is one of a fleet of five frigates built about twenty years ago, and did valiant service during the Rebellion. She carries 45 guns, a crew of 550 men, and a marine corps detachment numbering fifty. She has 40 officers, as intelligent and fine-looking gentlemen as will be found in any navy.

The visit of General Sherman and Lieutenant Grant is entirely unofficial, and they purpose traveling extensively in the East, and returning in April next. Surely no public officer deserves a rest from his professional occupation more than the distinguished General of the United States Army, and no one will receive a more generous welcome throughout Europe.

DESTRUCTION OF THE ARCTIC WHALING FLEET BY ICE.

ONE of the most remarkable and extensive marine disasters ever known was the recent destruction of over thirty whaling vessels by being crushed by the ice in the Arctic Ocean in September last. One consoling reflection is the fact that amid such a disastrous loss of property, and notwithstanding the great perils to which the crews were exposed, no lives were lost. Fortunately the weather was such that all the crews were safely got on board the vessels which were outside the pack, although in some instances the utmost expedition had to be used to save life.

About the 1st of May, 1871, the whalers began to arrive at the ice south of Cape Thaddeus. About June 1st the ice opened somewhat and let the ships up in sight of Cape Navarin. The fore part of June the winds were light and variable, with a good deal of fog. About the middle of the month the ice opened and the fleet pushed to the north. A few whales were taken and picked up in crossing the Anadir Sea. By the time the ships got to Cape Behring and Plover Bay the whales had all passed through the straits. The bark *Oriole* was stove, and put into Plover Bay to try and repair. The fleet passed through Behring Strait between the 18th and 30th of June, some of them taking on board the crew of the *Japan*, which was wrecked at Cape East last fall. Not seeing any whales, and finding large quantities of ice, the fleet engaged in catching walrus. On the 6th of August the wind moderated, and the ice started off the shoals. Several ships got under way and passed the shoals, and in a few days most of the fleet were north of Blossom Shoals. The weather was good, and they worked to northeast as far as Wainwright Inlet; here they found whales, and a number were taken at once, but the ice being very heavy and closely packed, a great many were lost. Still the prospect looked very favorable, and hopes were entertained of making a large season's catch. All the ships either anchored or made fast to the heavy ground ice. Whaling was now carried on briskly for several days, the boats cruising among open ice, but on the 11th of August a large number of boats were caught in the ice by the wind shifting and forcing it on shore.

The wind was from the west, and the ships were obliged to get under way to keep from being jammed in the ice, and work in shore under the lee of the ground ice. With considerable difficulty they succeeded in saving their boats, by hauling them a long distance over the ice, some of them being badly stove by so doing, but they were all saved finally. The ice kept setting on shore steadily and the ships kept floating into shoal water to avoid being stove, and some of them grounded, but were easily got off again. On the 13th it stopped, having grounded, leaving an open strip of water along the land as far as Point Belcher. Boats were kept off whaling every day. They saw and heard plenty of whales among the heavy ice, but could not get to them at this time. They had a great deal of fog at times, clearing off for a short space. All this time the ships were lying safely anchored and tied up to the ice, waiting for it to open off the land, as they expected it would the first strong northeast wind that blew.

On August 25th it blew a strong northeast gale, and the ice opened and went off shore. The ships got under way and commenced whaling, but on the 29th, the wind having changed to the southwest, sent the ice in shore so fast that some of the ships were caught in the

pack. The rest retreated toward shore ahead of the flocks. Here they anchored in from three to four fathoms of water, the ice coming in and the small ice packing around the ships. By the strong current running to the northeast, the large heavy floe ice grounded in the shoal water; inside of this the ships lay, or at least the most of them, and those who did not get in kept working in as they had a chance, to keep from being stove. At this time it began to snow, and they had several storms and winds from south to northwest. Here they were all jammed close together, some not having room to swing clear of each other.

On the 1st of September the bark *Roman* was crushed, she having got caught while cutting a whale. She drifted helplessly with the mass as far as Sea-Horse Island, and was there caught between two heavy floes; one of the floes was aground, and an immense floe of several miles in extent came against her from off shore, crushing her like an eggshell in forty-five minutes. She sunk head foremost, leaving her mizzenmast and her stern out of water, the ice having held her up until it separated, the captain, officers and crew escaping over the surface with the boats, and not saving scarcely anything except the clothes they had on. The crew were received on board the other ships. On the 2d of September the brig *Comet* was crushed in the heavy ice; her crew were taken on board the other ships and cared for. It now became evident that the ice was setting on shore very heavily; the open strip of water became narrower every day, and no possible chance to get out. Still no one thought there would be any difficulty in getting out the first northeast gale. On the 8th of September the bark *Acashanto* was crushed between the heavy floe and the ground ice. Her crew were also received on board the other ships.

As day after day passed with no signs of the ice opening, the masters of the ships became anxious about the loss of time, as the season was passing away. They were unwilling to believe that the ice would not go off shore, as in all their former experience it had done at this time of the year. Nothing could be seen but one solid body of ice off shore as far as the eye could see, except the narrow strip in shore, which was from two hundred yards to half a mile wide. The ships were lying, some jammed in the ice and some in open water, all the way from Point Belcher to two or three miles south of Wainwright Inlet. During all this time every one was anxiously expecting a northeast gale, but instead the wind continued from southeast to northwest, always light from southeast and fresh from southwest. This kept the ice packing together more closely every day.

Notice was now given, and a meeting was held by all the masters, in order to concert some measures for the safety of their crews, in case they found it impossible to escape from their dangerous situation. An expedition was fitted out and dispatched to find any ships which might have got out or kept out of the ice, and the three boats composing this expedition succeeded in finding the barks and ships *Arctic*, *Progress*, *Midas*, *Lagoda*, *Chance*, *Daniel Webster* and *Europa*; and the captains of these vessels at once expressed their willingness to stay and wait for the crews of the distressed ships as long as their anchors would hold them.

On the 13th of September another meeting was held by the masters, the painful fact having forced itself upon the mind of every one that in order to save the lives of their crews they would have to abandon their ships. Starvation and death awaited them should they be obliged to stay; accordingly, boats were loaded with such provisions and clothing as were absolutely necessary, and at 4 p.m. every ship's company had left and were on their way south. As they made their way down the coast they found the ice much worse than they had any idea of, and a great deal of shoal water besides, so that if they had succeeded in getting the brigs over the bar at Wainwright Inlet, they never could have got them in the clear water south. At night they camped on the beach, and at daylight, on the 15th, they proceeded on their way to Icy Cape; it blew strong from the south, and when they came in sight of the ships they found considerable difficulty in getting off to them, as the boats were loaded deep and the sea rugged—the barks *Arctic*, *Midas* and *Progress* lost each an anchor in trying to hold on to take them aboard; they were very kindly received on board these ships—seven in number, as before mentioned. The boats were cut adrift, as it was impossible to save them, the ships being so crowded.

DUCK-SHOOTING ON LONG ISLAND.

LAST Winter, in giving an account of "Winter Life among the Wreckers," we mentioned a dreary tread over Moriches Bay, Long Island, in the face of a blinding snow-storm. A hint that the bay offered excellent inducements to persons fond of duck-shooting attracted us thither a few days ago, for a brief season of this exhilarating sport.

Duck-shooting is much the same all the world over, although in some localities there are plans for getting under cover which would not be available in others. Sometimes the sportsman, lying at his length in a small canoe, is carefully covered over and concealed by sapins, or green branches. Having his loaded gun ready pointed over the bow, he either gently paddles himself or is borne along the stream, unheeded or unobserved, to within close range. In early Winter the stratagem is occasionally varied by the substitution of a white-painted scow, flat-bottomed, and square at both ends. The shooter dresses in white flannel, or covers himself with a sheet. Throughout Canada, where the water is liable to be studded with patches of ice, this plan is very popular.

Stalking ducks is the most exciting feature

of the sport, and requires great skill, especially when it is necessary to approach a flock some distance out on the open water. The landmarks and bearings being carefully noted, the shooter, after making a sufficient *détour*, on arriving at the point of advance, commences, according to the nature of the ground, to glide stealthily forward, dodging behind every tree and bush, sometimes bent nearly double, or in default of cover, crawling on hands and knees through the grass. If the ducks are diving or feeding, the moment must be watched when a flock are under water together, or have their tails simultaneously upward; then, dashing rapidly forward, he should frighten away the rest, to prevent their giving alarm, and gain the nearest cover before the divers reappear. If this manoeuvre be successfully accomplished, he may pause a moment to recover his steadiness of hand, for the absence of the other ducks will not be regarded, even if noticed. If he happens to be too far off, he must wait a moment for the ducks to dive again, and then, gaining the water's edge, he will get a splendid sweep right and left, as they return to the surface and rise on the wing.

Some sportsmen make use of decoy-ducks, and others, of screens of boughs, located at spots frequented by the birds for feeding.

ARRIVAL OF THE GRAND DUKE.

At an early hour on Sunday, November 19th, the officers and men of the United States Squadron so long in waiting in the vicinity of Sandy Hook were thrown into intense excitement by a report that the Russian frigate *Svetlana*, with the Grand Duke on board, had arrived safely late on Saturday night. Preparations were immediately made for the salutes of welcome. About one o'clock the *Svetlana* steamed up in full sight of the fleet, which was at anchor in the lower bay, with the American flag at her main, firing a salute in its honor. As the frigate glided by, the United States fleet, displaying the Russian national colors from the main, fired an answering salute of twenty-one guns. The *Svetlana* then came to anchor, executing the movement in a manner to elicit admiring comments from officers aboard of the United States ships. A salute of fifteen guns, in honor of the Russian admiral, was then fired by the Americans, which was answered by a salute to Admiral Rowan by the Russians. Admiral Rowan then boarded the *Svetlana*, and a salute was fired when he left the ship. The ship was then visited by the members of the Press, who were received by Captain-Lieutenant Leonide Michloff, who ushered them into his cabin, and answered their queries in relation to the voyage and the Grand Duke, in English, which he speaks with great fluency. The voyage from Madeira, which was left on the 10th of October, was much delayed by unfavorable weather, forty days having been spent in the passage.

THE PROJECTED RESCUE OF MAXIMILIAN.—The interposition of the United States saved Mexico from subjugation by the arms of France. But, subsequently, when the American Government asked the life of the Archduke Maximilian, Mexico denied the request. When the fact became known to the American Legion that the request had been made by the Cabinet at Washington, and denied by the Mexican authorities, the Americans secretly resolved, at the hazard of their lives, to place the archduke safely upon American soil. The undertaking which they prepared themselves to execute was nothing less than the abduction of Maximilian by stratagem. The archduke had surrendered and was in prison; his trial by drumhead court-martial, and his sentence, had already taken place; he awaited his execution. The plan of the Americans, hastily matured, was to surprise and capture his guard in the night, to take him from prison, mount him upon a fleet horse, and escort him, under the protection of the Legion, to Matamoros, and thence across the Rio Grande, into Texas. Every detail of this enterprise was carefully attended to; nor did it need the pleadings of their countrywoman—the Princess Salm-Salm—to nerve them to the task; the simple request of the American Government was law to the Legion of Honor, and it was to them sufficient warrant for the desperate undertaking. But destiny was against them: an unforeseen circumstance prevented them from even making the attempt. On the morning of the very day they had selected to rescue the prisoner, they were suddenly and peremptorily ordered to march, at a moment's notice, on special duty to the capital of Mexico. Remonstrance was unavailing. Every plea that wit could invent was made to induce Escobedo to countermand or postpone the execution of his order. But the Mexican was contumacious. He evidently suspected a *coup de main* by the Americans. He knew the relation which existed between the princess and the emperor; and he recollected, perhaps with some chagrin, that the American Legion had escorted the lady through the lines, during the siege of Queretaro. These reasons may have influenced the Mexican commander in making his decision; but he left the American Legion no alternative, and they were very reluctantly compelled to abandon their plan for Maximilian's rescue.

ADVICES from Berlin state that after the acquisition of such vast numbers of rifles and cannon as the last war yielded to Prussia, it turns out that there is absolutely no room for storing them, especially as the infantry is to receive a new kind of firearm. To get rid of some of this unprofitable wealth, the Government has determined to part with it to its new friends in the east of Asia, and Japan has made the beginning by purchasing 80,000 rifles. In Japan, according to Prussian accounts, an army is forming on the Prussian system, and to this the 80,000 breech-loaders will prove very acceptable.

NEWS BREVITIES.

THE Harvard College faculty have forbidden smoking in the yard of that institution.

SEVEN ships are grappling for the North Pole.

GAMBETTA has recovered from a serious attack of illness.

Among udder supplies, London consumes the milk of 22,750 cows.

PARIS has decreed a tax of three cents a year on every cat.

MINING was never so generally carried on in Nevada as now.

THE Quakers are establishing a mission on the banks of the Nile, in Egypt.

THE convicts of the Massachusetts penitentiary sent \$600 to the Chicago Relief Fund.

A CONFERENCE of diplomats is to be held in Dresden, Saxony, at an early day, to devise precautionary measures against the International Society.

THE Commission of Inquiry on the capitulations made by French generals during the late war is carrying on its investigations with great vigor.

THREE of the 292 Congregational churches in Connecticut have celebrated their 250th anniversary this year, and 19 ministers have died, at the average of 68 years.

A FORMIDABLE plot of the Bonapartist generals, headed by General Fleury, to arrest Thiers and proclaim the Empire, has been discovered. The papers of the conspirators are in the possession of Thiers.

A SECT of Mohammedans has arisen in Persia, now numbering 200,000, which recognizes the Bible as the Word of God, and attempts to reconcile the creeds of Islam and Christianity. The sect is under powerful oppression, and many of its adherents have been slain.

THE wine crop of California is so abundant, that there is great difficulty in obtaining casks. Los Angeles County alone, where there is less than the average yield, produces 2,500,000 gallons of wine.

THE statement that the Pope requested a residence in France is untrue.

OF the Communists who have so far been tried in France, 10,645 have been discharged, and 773 have been convicted and sentenced to various degrees of punishment.

DETROIT is the champion city of mysterious disappearances. According to the *Free Press*, a half-score of well-known citizens and a full score of strangers have disappeared during the past year.

A KANSAS paper, urging enlistment for a regiment to fight the Indians, says: "The service will last three or four months only, and will be a source of health, pleasure and profit to all who enlist."

THE corporate authorities of Berne (Switzerland) have resolved to revive, and to enforce to their fullest extent, within the city limits, the Federal laws prohibiting the existence of gambling-banks and lotteries within the Confederation. These laws have, for a long time, been practically obsolete.

IT is reported from Chicago that the Grand Jury, after a careful and thorough examination of all the facts bearing upon the case of the death of Colonel Grosvenor, have reached the unanimous conclusion that there is no ground for an indictment against any one.

THE tooth of an elephant was found a few days ago in a gravel pit at Louisville, fourteen feet below the surface, which scientists say must have been there at least for two thousand years. The skeleton, it is expected, will be found as the pit is extended. A petrified fish was taken from the same locality about ten days previous.

FIVE deaths have thus far occurred among the cholera patients in the West Bank Hospital, the total number suffering from cholera being now forty-four. One new case, of a mild type, was developed on board the *Delaware* last week. The majority of the patients in hospital are doing well.

A MRS. MYER of Buffalo, has presented her husband with three bouncing boys, that bid as fair as any other babies to reach old age. The mother is doing as well as can be expected. A bore at our elbow says: "Of course she is a most admirable woman."

A DOWN-EAST editor alluded to one of the most eminent citizens of his village as "a noble old burgher, proudly loving his native State." Imagine his feelings when his paper appeared describing the aforesaid citizen as "a nobby old burglar, prowling around in a naked state."

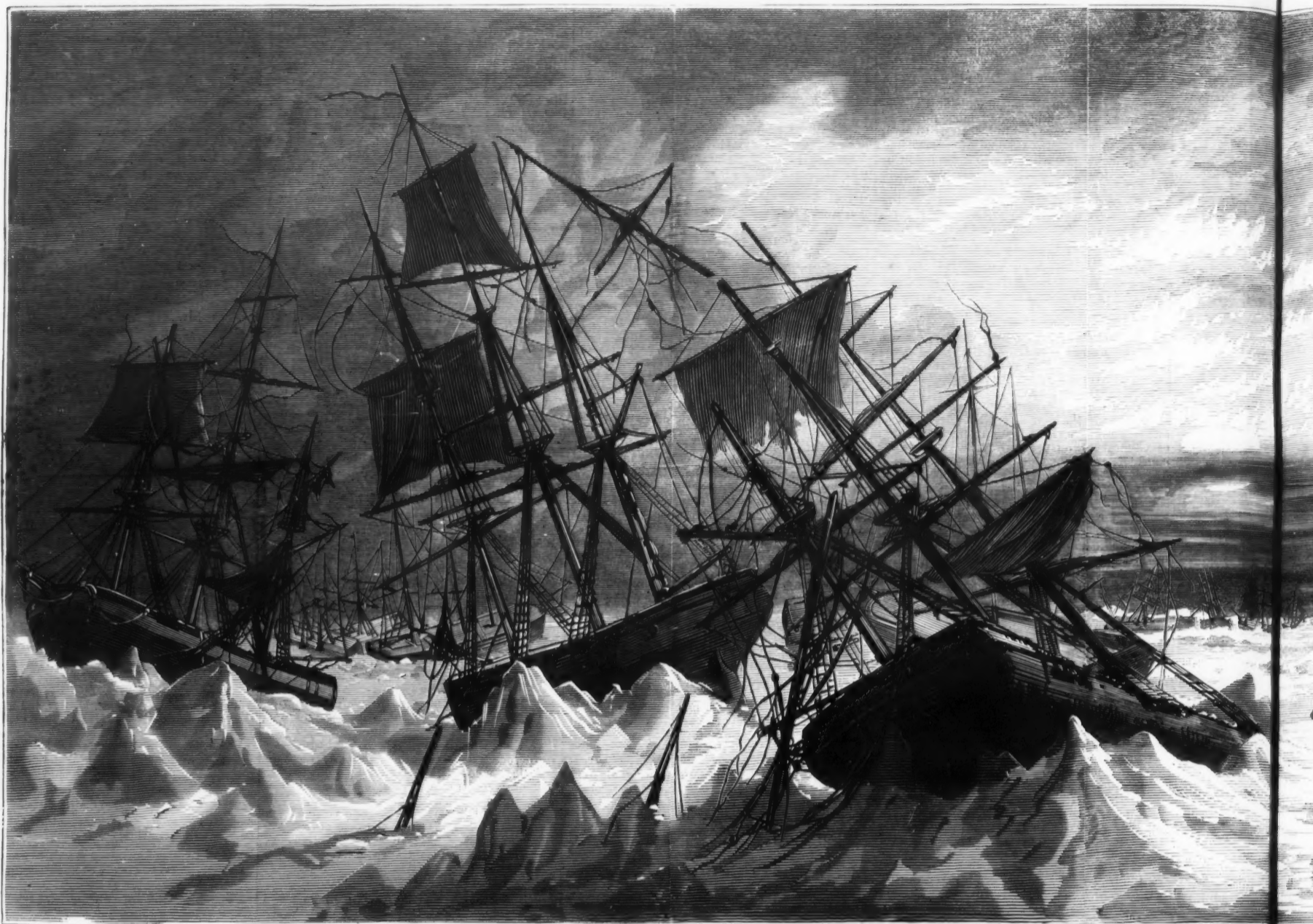
MR. SAYLER, of Vermont, has brought suit against Mr. Page, his neighbor, for giving his family the smallpox. The *Louisville Courier-Journal* is of the opinion that Page might make as good a thing of it by bringing suit against Sayler's family for taking the smallpox from him without his permission.

FREDERICK W. LORING, who is known to the public as the author of "Fair Harvard," "Two College Friends," and various short stories and sketches, was recently killed in an attack by Indians upon a stage-coach in Arizona. He was regarded as a rising young writer, and Charles Reade lately spoke of him as the most promising young man in America.

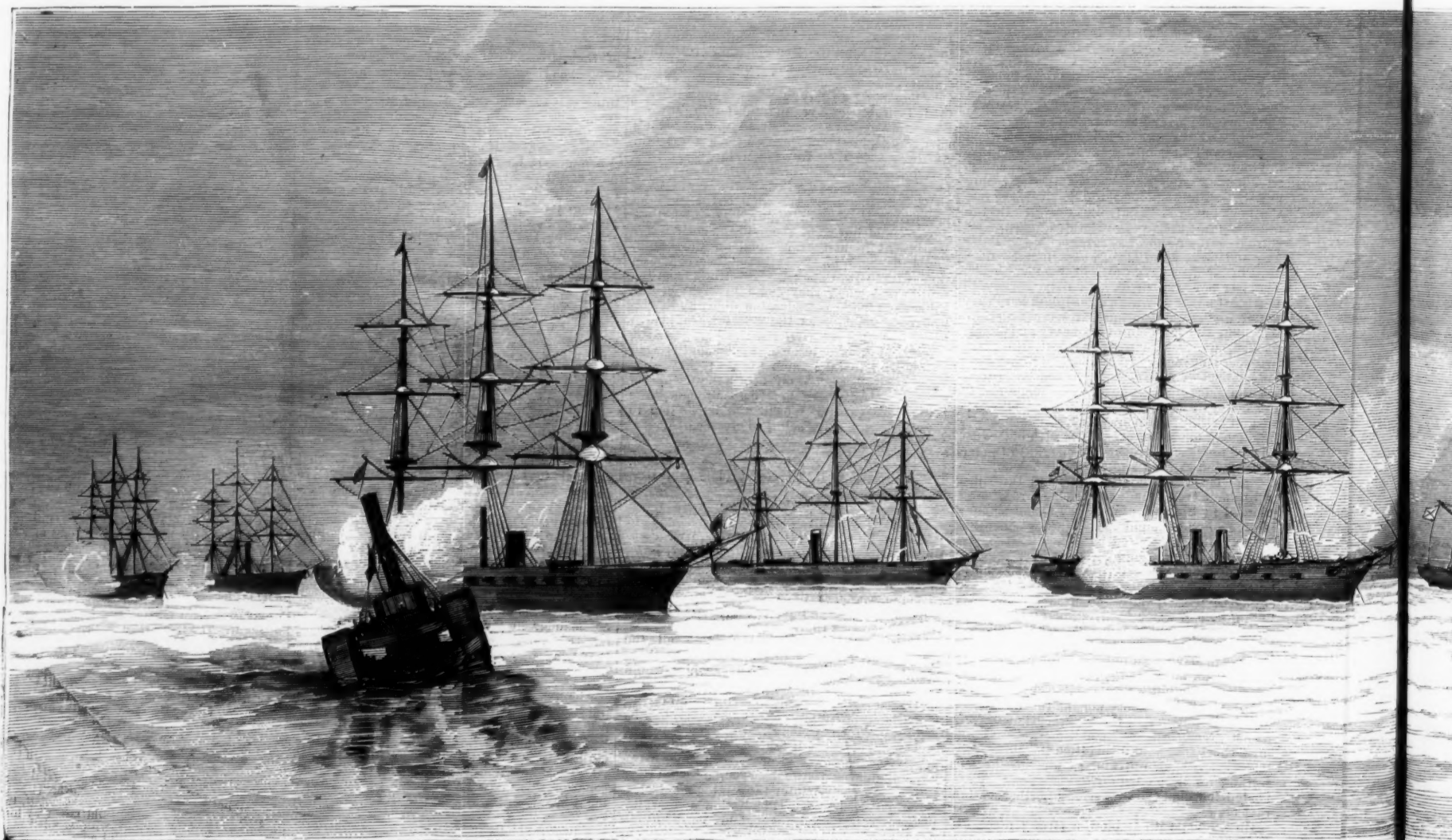
A NEW BEDFORD woman was observed a few evenings since crawling on her knees through the streets, holding her hands up, and accompanied by a woman on either side, who aided her to rise to her feet occasionally for rest. It was understood to be in fulfillment of a vow made on the departure of her husband on a whaling voyage, to be performed if he returned in safety.

AMONG the marriage notices published in the *Pittsburg (Pa.) Chronicle* was that of Fernandez de Gimenez and Miss Lella Addison, a young lady of that city. The ceremony was performed by the Right Rev. Bishop Domeneq. An unusual circumstance in connection with the affair was, that the bridegroom, who is Spanish *Chape d'Affaires* in Rome, was represented by proxy. Miss Addison had been studying in Rome for several months in company with her aunt, a widow. The late Prime Minister of Spain availed himself of a privilege granted under the law of the Church, and appointed a brother of the bride to represent him.

A BALL was given a few nights since on High Street, Louisville, Ky., by the employees of the canal, and during the evening quite an amusing incident occurred. Ham sandwiches were upon the table when the company were invited into supper. Some mischievous fellow, however, had a few minutes before stolen the ham and replaced it with thin slices of soap. The men, being very hungry, seized the bogus sandwiches and immediately bit out huge mouthfuls. The mistake was discovered by each individual, but no one said anything about it, thinking, perhaps, that the others would laugh at him. The author of the joke watched with subdued merriment the numerous wry faces and changed countenances that, one by one, indicated the extensive circulation of the soap. The best feature of the affair is that no one got angry, but each laughed heartily at it when it was discovered that all had bit and been "bitten."



ARCTIC OCEAN.—LOSS OF THIRTY-THREE VESSELS OF THE ARCTIC WHALING FLEET.



U. S. S. Iroquois.

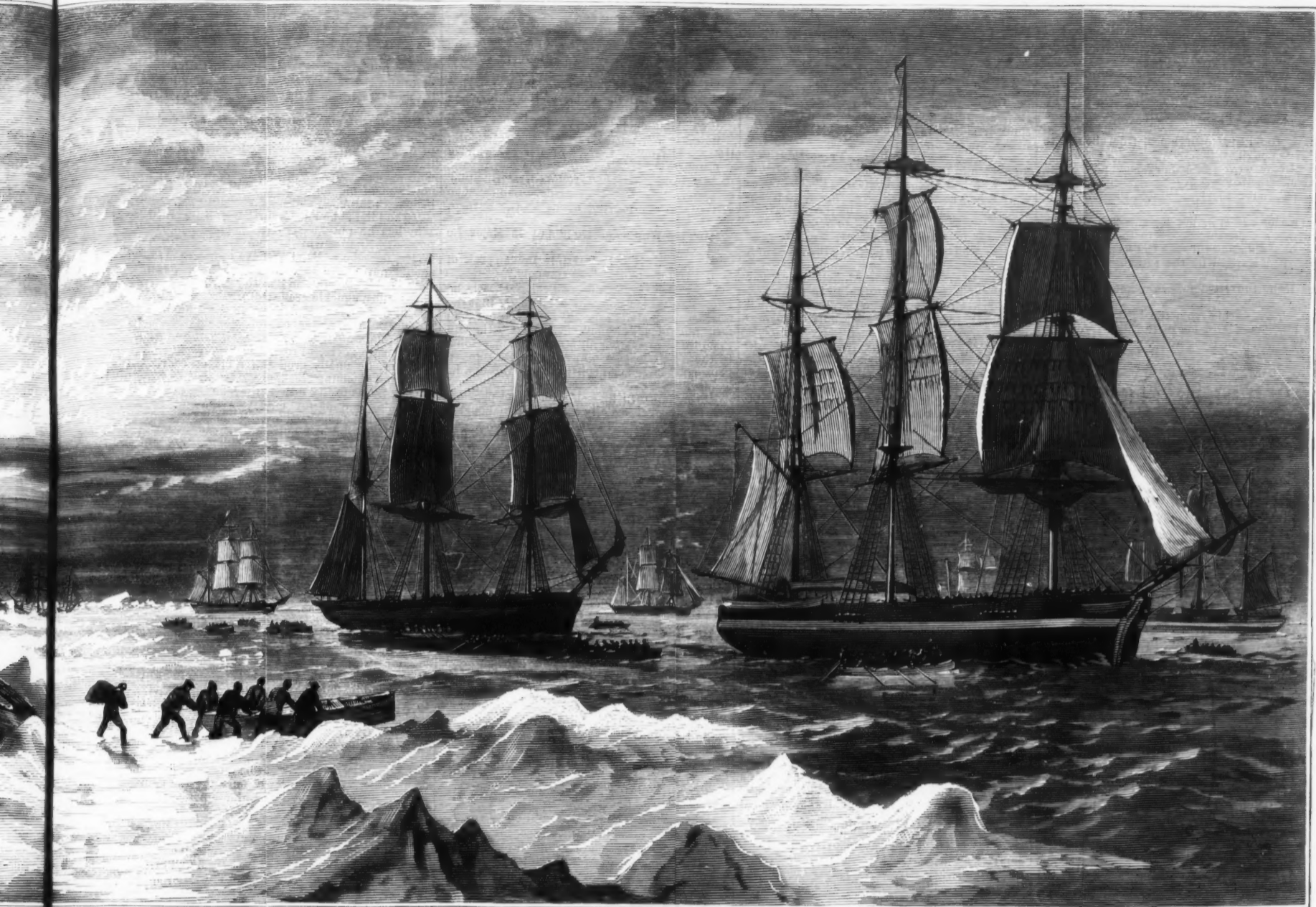
U. S. S. Kansas.

U. S. S. Congress.

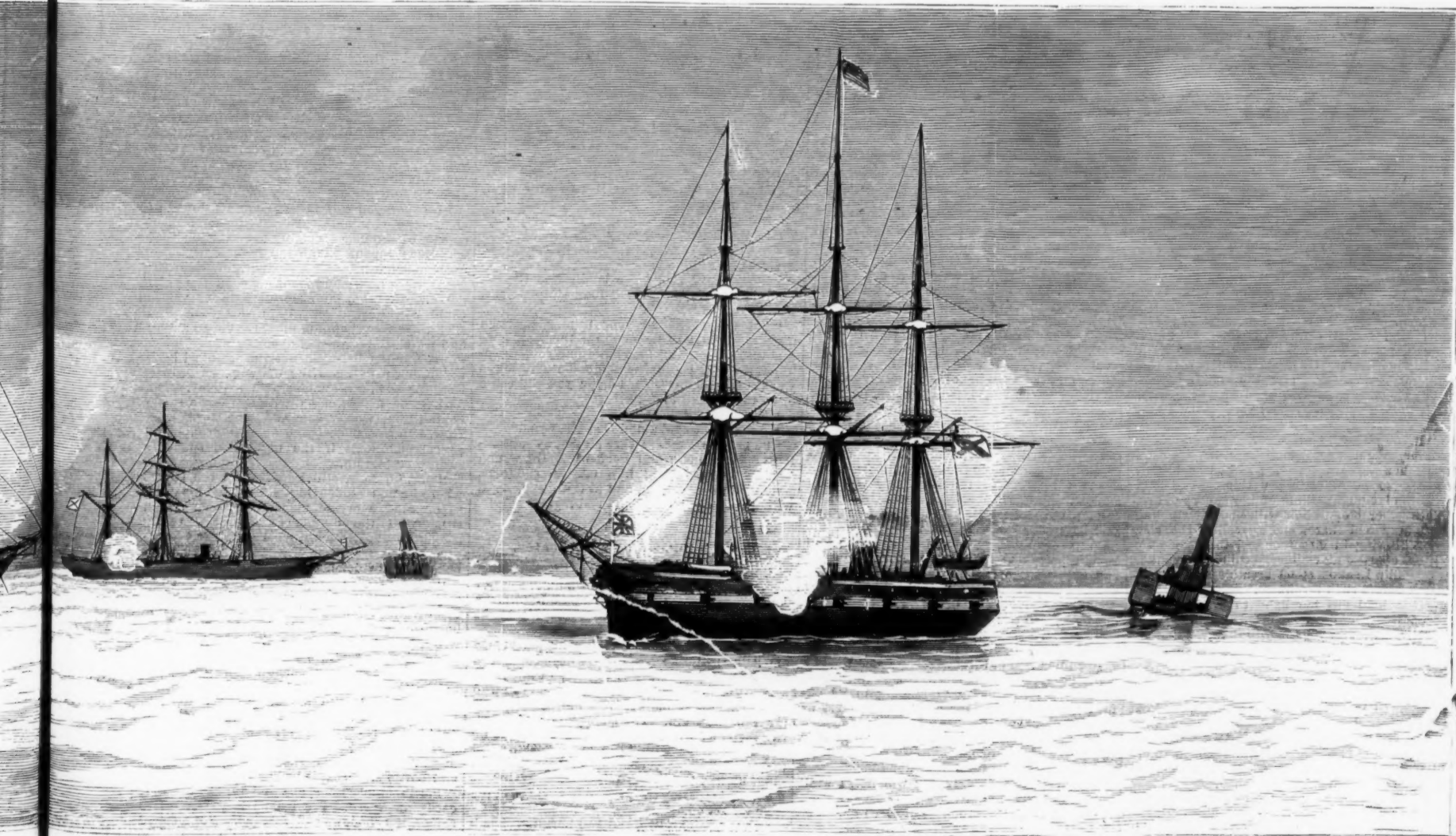
Russian Steamer Bogatire.

U. S. S. Severn.

NEW YORK HARBOR.—THE RUSSIAN WAR FRIGATE "SVETLANA," FLAGSHIP OF ADMIRAL POSSIET, WITH THE GRAND DUKE ALEXE SALUTING ITS



HEMMED IN BY THE ICE.—FROM A SKETCH BY BENJAMIN RUSSELL.—SEE PAGE 183.



RUSSIAN STEAMER ABRECK. RUSSIAN FLAGSHIP SVETLANA.
ITS ARRIVAL BY THE RUSSIAN AND UNITED STATES VESSELS, AT ANCHOR OFF SANDY HOOK.—FROM A SKETCH BY JOSEPH BECKER.—SEE PAGE 183.

OCTOBER.

THE year grows old; Summer's wild crown of roses
Has fallen and faded in the woodland ways;
On all the earth a tranquil light reposes,
Through the still dreamy days.

The dew lies heavy in the early morn,
On grass and mosses sparkling crystal-fair;
And shining threads of gossamer are borne
Floating upon the air,

Across the leaf-strewn lanes, from bough to bough,
Like tissue woven in a fairy loom;
And crimson-berried bryony garlands glow
Through the leaf-tangled gloom.

The woods are still, but for the sudden fall
Of cupless acorns dropping to the ground,
Or rabbit plunging through the fern-stems tall,
Half-startled by the sound.

And from the garden-lawn comes, soft and clear,
The robin's warble from the leafless spray,
The low sweet Angelus of the dying year,
Passing in light away.

THE WHITE SPECTRE; OR, THE MYSTERIES OF INGESTRE PLACE.

BY RETT WINWOOD.

CHAPTER XII.—IN THE DRAWING-ROOM.

NIGHT fell rapidly. It was quite dark when they reached Ingestre Place. Lamps were lighted in the parlor, and Madeline immediately led the way thither.

Upon opening the door, she encountered her stepmother, who, as it appeared, had just risen to leave the room. Mrs. Ingestre started back a step or two, seeing nobody but Madeline for the first minute or two. "You back again?" she uttered, involuntarily.

She knew her stepdaughter's impulsive nature, and had counted on a different result to the conversation they had held in the boudoir. She had even hoped that the girl would never come back from her desperate flight. Madeline's mother had committed suicide in a moment of mad anguish and desperation; why was not Madeline likely to put an end to her shame and sorrows in the same way?

Thus had the wicked woman argued. It was a real shock to see her stepdaughter back again. "You here?" she repeated, her usual serenity very much disturbed.

"Yes," answered Madeline. "And I have changed my mind about going away. I am come back to remain."

The light in Mrs. Ingestre's blue eyes burned balefully. She was pale as death, but the ready smile never left her lips.

"A sensible resolution, my dear child," said she, sweetly. "Of course, you are welcome to remain. I dare say Alicia will soon become reconciled to the arrangement, and the story of the past can be hushed up among ourselves."

She had caught a glimpse of Philip Lennox standing in the hall, and therefore made her speech much more gracious than it would otherwise have been. He now came forward, and Madeline, seeing that they were strangers, introduced them.

"Mr. Lennox is Alicia's friend," she explained. "He was on his way here, and so we walked up the hill together."

"Ah!" Mrs. Ingestre concealed her bewildered expression as best she might. "I am happy to make your acquaintance, Mr. Lennox. Alicia has often spoken of you."

Madeline did not hear his reply. She had thrown herself into a chair by the open window, feeling dizzy and exhausted. For some moments the room spun round, and the glimmering lights seemed to be going out in darkness. Whether from over-exertion or the suffering through which she had passed, she came very near swooning away.

When she rallied from the momentary giddiness, Mrs. Ingestre was still talking in her smooth, plausible way. "You will find us a gloomy household, Mr. Lennox, but I trust you will not keep away on that account. Alicia needs cheerful society to keep up her spirits. She will be very glad to meet you. Shall I ring for her?"

"If you please," he replied.

A message was accordingly sent. Alicia soon made her appearance. She looked so bright, so fair, so beautiful in her shimmering silk, with the lamplight falling on her superb figure, glinting her blonde hair with lines of rippling gold here and there, and revealing the rich color glowing in either cheek, that Madeline sitting apart and solitary, could not wonder that Philip Lennox stood breathless and spell-bound before such loveliness.

Alicia held out her hand to him with the prettiest grace in the world. "And so you have really found your way to Ingestre Place?" said she. "Why did you not come sooner?"

"The old plea, business."

She made an impatient gesture. "Business!" she repeated, disdainfully. "I can conceive of nothing so important that it would have kept me from—"

She paused abruptly, coloring with real embarrassment. She had spoken much more plainly than she had intended. The sentence she had begun was left unfinished.

Philip Lennox's handsome face flushed hotly. He was not unmindful of the interpretation that might be put upon Alicia's words and manner. "I have a problem of the first importance to solve during my present sojourn in Silverlea," said he. "Present enjoyment must be made secondary to it."

"To what do you allude?"

"The mystery of my birth."

Alicia looked relieved. "I remember," said she, "your telling me once that you were a foundling. But I hoped you had found your parents ere this."

"I have not," was the grave reply. "But I have reasons for thinking that some of my relatives reside in this vicinity. I am come to Silverlea to hunt them up."

Ere Alicia could say one word in return, the door leading into the back parlor (which had stood ajar up to this time) was opened wide, of a sudden, and Major Le Noir made his appearance in the entrance.

Suave, handsome, smiling, the most distrustful person in the world could hardly have found fault with him at that moment. His keen eyes were bright and merry, his countenance beaming with cordiality, his smile of the pleasantest sort imaginable. From head to foot he looked the personification of amiability. From head to foot every line and curve betrayed the courteous, affable gentleman.

He came gracefully forward, holding out one of his plump, fair hands to Philip Lennox.

"You are a stranger to me, sir," said he, "but the fact that you are Miss Alicia's friend insures you a welcome."

Mr. Lennox made some polite response to this show of extreme friendliness, whereupon Mrs. Ingestre stepped forward and duly presented the gentlemen.

"Pardon my inquisitiveness," the major resumed, volubly, the next instant. "I caught a few of the last words you addressed to Miss Alicia, before I came in. Will you be good enough to repeat their purport?"

"Certainly, sir. I am a castaway—a poor wretch without friends or home," said Lennox. "I was merely saying to Miss Ingestre that I had come to Silverlea hoping to get some clue to my unknown relatives."

"Yes, yes," Major Le Noir began to scrutinize the young man's face closely and sharply. "Why do you seek that clue here, rather than elsewhere?"

In reply, Lennox told him precisely what he had told Madeline concerning the letters and the mutilated post-mark. The major listened eagerly, a curious change showing itself in his face.

"Where do you reside?" he asked, after a long silence.

"My boyhood was passed in Brompton."

Major Le Noir gave a perceptible start. "Brompton?" he repeated. "I have heard of the place—a quiet town up among the Surrey hills?"

"Yes."

"In whose care were you left?"

Philip Lennox seemed surprised at the major's persistency, but answered him readily enough: "I was left in charge of an old woman called Dame Gregory."

"Ah!" Major Le Noir turned away his face. His lips were white and unsteady. After a momentary struggle, he wheeled back again. "I pray you, sir, to pardon the many questions I have asked. I am always deeply interested in children who have been deserted by their parents. To be frank with you, Mr. Lennox, I am a wail myself."

He ended this apology with a musical little laugh. "It isn't a pleasant truth to own up to," he added, in the next breath. "But I shall not disguise the fact. I never knew father or mother; as a child, I had neither home nor friends."

Madeline, in her solitary nook by the open window, listened to this confession in real amazement. It was scarcely uttered when some noise without—a slight rustling among the shrubbery, growing close to the windows, attracted her attention. She looked out, and caught a glimpse of old Betty's stern, hard-featured face, framed in by the green of the leaves, less than six feet away. The lamplight from within shone full upon it for a single instant.

Old Betty's eyes met Madeline's. She raised her hand as a sign for caution. Her lips moved. "Give that man the lie to his face," she whispered, in a tone of suppressed bitterness. "He has a mother, a miserable old woman whom he is ashamed to acknowledge. Tell him so, if he is villain enough to disclaim all knowledge of her again."

This was all. She disappeared with the last word. Madeline sat like one spell-bound. An involuntary cry broke from her lips. At the sound, all eyes were bent inquiringly upon her.

"What is the matter?" asked Mrs. Ingestre, sharply. "What did you see?"

"Nothing," she replied, evasively.

Major Le Noir came toward her and leaned over the back of her chair. His gaze wandered from her face to the open window, where a slight rustling of the shrubbery was still audible.

"I'm afraid Miss Madeline tells white lies," said he, under his breath.

She drew back, uncertain whether he had beheld Betty's vanished form or not. "I do not tell black ones, like Major Le Noir, at least," she answered, resentfully.

He laughed low. "Of all persons, you are not the one to call me to account," he said.

"Why?"

"Because I love you too well."

Her lip curled at this audacious answer. She stole a glance into his face. It was still frank, smiling, rosy. There was nothing in its expression to tell whether he was in earnest or only teasing her.

"How dare you?" she cried, anger getting the better of surprise.

"Hush. You will attract attention."

"Leave me, then. If you will not, I shall appeal to Mr. Lennox."

"Bah! You are cruel. But see, I go."

He turned on his heel. Mrs. Ingestre was watching him, jealousy and rage struggling for the mastery in her expression. She knew he had spoken some whispered words to Madeline, without being able to catch the purport of those words.

Major Le Noir took the alarm, and immediately set about smoothing her ruffled plumage. He went up to her. She looked round and saw that Mr. Lennox was too busily engaged with Alicia to be observing her.

"Gustave," she then began, in a guarded tone, "what were you saying to Madeline?"

He winced a little under the fierce, steel-like glance of her blue eyes.

"The vixen!" he muttered. "I was trying to make her tell the cause of the outcry she made."

"Wouldn't she?"

"No," showing his white, perfect teeth. "The girl's got a temper of her own, and a will, too."

Mrs. Ingestre looked relieved. "Humph," said she. "Let Madeline alone. She saw one of the servants moving about in the garden, perhaps."

"Or the White Spectre?" put in Major Le Noir, maliciously.

She paled visibly. "Ugh! Don't speak of that. You make my blood run cold."

The major turned on his heel. "Bah!" he thought. "I am not convinced as yet that the ghost which haunts Ingestre Place is other than flesh and blood, like myself. Perhaps the will that disappeared from my strong-box was stolen by the White Spectre. At any rate, the missing glass must have been spirited away through its agency."

He had to own himself baffled and puzzled. But he was not exactly a believer in hobgoblins. Your practical people seldom are.

In the parlor everything went smoothly enough for some minutes. Philip and Alicia were at the piano, mingling duets and pleasant chat in the most unheard-of manner. Madeline still retained her old position by the window. She was feeling a miserable sense of regret that she had ever spoken a word of disparagement of Alicia to Mr. Lennox.

"He loves her," thought she. "My thoughtless words might have caused trouble between them. I am very glad he seems to mind them so little."

A few minutes later Philip turned round and met the earnest gaze of her mournful-looking eyes. He started slightly, shaking off the spell of the beautiful sorceress by his side. He crossed the floor and spoke to Madeline.

"You are still sad," said he. "I am sorry."

She smiled faintly. "Don't mind me, Mr. Lennox. Alicia is calling to you. Go back to her."

He hesitated. "I would much rather remain, could I say anything to comfort you."

"You cannot. Go."

She spoke somewhat impetuously, for she did not wish to rouse Alicia's anger by keeping him away from her. He took her hand, slightly pressing it. "I go, since it must be so," said he. "But my thoughts will still be of you."

With a last look, he joined Alicia, never once quitting her side again while he remained. When he took his departure, Major Le Noir, in an excess of hospitality, accompanied him to the door.

"I have been thinking of your romantic history," said he, genially. "Will you take a word of advice from me?"

A dozen, if you choose to waste as many upon me," returned Philip.

"Then leave Silverlea, and pursue your investigations in some other quarter."

"Why?" tone and look both expressive of surprise.

"Simply because you will be much more likely to meet with success elsewhere. It was the post-mark alone that induced you to come hither?"

"Yes."

"That was intended as a blind, of course. I am pretty well conversant with family histories in this vicinity. I know of none that would supply the missing links of your history."

Philip breathed a sigh. "Mine may be a hopeless quest," said he.

"Hopeless for this immediate neighborhood," put in the major, affably. "Have you spoken freely to others, of your object in coming to Silverlea?"

"No. I have asked the landlord of the inn where I am stopping some indirect questions. That is all."

"Let me commend your prudence. Such matters are not to be made the theme of general discussion. But I am detaining you. Good-night, my dear young friend, good-night. While you do remain in town, I hope you will come often to Ingestre Place."

"Thank you."

"Good-night again, and God bless you."

The major's manners were pleasantly suggestive of friendliness and good-will. He wrung Philip's hand, tapped him on the shoulder, wrung his hand again, and at last disappeared within the hall, bowing and smiling.

CHAPTER XIII.—A NIGHT OF HORROR.

THE next day came and went. Near evening, Major Le Noir left the house for a quiet saunter in the grounds. He strolled up and down the garden-walks, a cigar in his mouth, his hands in his pockets.

A careless looker-on, beholding his placid face and listless attitude, would have been convinced that he was out merely to enjoy the beauty and serenity of the sunset hour. But a logician who reasoned in that manner would have been very far from the truth. The major was in a reflective mood; he had sought the garden that he might be alone with his own thoughts; and now, with strange persistency and fox-like cunning, he was laying his plans for the future—mentally preparing the ground in advance of the time for action.

The sun went down, red and burning. Shadows lay along the greensward and seemed to be creeping in and out the shrubbery. His cigar burned down to a few grayish ashes, and he threw it away. A pale star or two showed its far-off light in the purple arch of the sky.

But still he kept up his lonely walk—kept up his persistent thinking.

At last he stopped short, drawing a quick breath. He saw a man's figure emerge from a grove near the hedge-row, and pass swiftly but noiselessly across the lawn. It kept among the shrubbery for the most part, as if not caring to attract attention. Major Le Noir waited patiently until it came nearer; then, to his infinite surprise and consternation, he recognized in the mysterious figure his old enemy, Mr. Walter Marston.

His resolution was soon taken. Here, right before him, lurking among the dusky shadows of night, was the man he hated—the man who knew enough of his history to ruin him—the man who had power to blast every cherished ambition of his soul with a breath. Oh! how his pulses throbbed and his fingers tingled.

"The idiot!" he muttered. "Why is he here? Why has he put himself so completely in my power? Knows why I went to New South Wales, does he? Bah! I have sworn that he should never live to tell what he knows, and they say there's no time like the present."

A devilish chuckle broke from the major's lips. His fair, rosy face looked cruel and cunning. He drew back under cover of some acacia-bushes, and watched Mr. Marston's moving figure with burning eyes. From the breast-pocket of his coat, he finally produced a bit of carved wood and gleaming steel.

"Shall this pretty little barker be the means of ridding me of my enemy?" thought he, caressing the dangerous toy. "No, it talks too loud. It might call out some of the middle-class servants sooner than would be exactly pleasant to me. I have something else that's worth a dozen of it."

Having decided the question in this way, he restored the pistol to his pocket. From an inner belt he then brought forth a knife, long, keen, sharp, its blade shining cold and cruel in the dim light. Running it between his thumb and finger, as if to test its condition, he laughed low.

"This is the weapon for me. It tells no tales—only one that is terribly sorrowful to the man who comes in its way."

The major started forward a few steps. By this time, Mr. Marston had passed his hiding-place, and was rapidly putting a greater and greater distance between them. The course he had taken was one that led direct to the house, and by the shortest route it was possible to select. There could be no doubt but that he was going thither.

Major Le Noir prepared himself to follow. He pushed up his sleeves until the wrists were left clear, tightened his belt, and grasped the knife in an iron grip. Then he stole cautiously over the grass of the lawn, pursuing the man he hated with all the determination and zeal that a bloodhound pursues his prey.

"Nearer, nearer, his breath coming short and fierce, as the form of the unsuspecting man loomed up almost within his reach. "I pray God that he may soon be put where he will not have the power to harm me!" muttered this implous villain.

Mr. Marston walked rapidly, and so eluded him, at first. Night had now fairly set in, and he moved with less caution, though he was rapidly nearing the house. Major Le Noir soon saw that it would be impossible to attack him until he had reached his destination and had set out to return. They were now so near, that any incautious sound could easily be heard within the house.

Therefore the major drew back and waited. Mr. Marston crossed a strip of lamplight cutting the gloom of night, from a window in the servants' quarters, presently. His snowy beard and pleasant face were clearly visible, and once again Major Le Noir seemed to trace a startling likeness to a person he had known years before, in those finely-cut features. For a few moments the perspiration stood in great drops upon his brow.

He conquered this feeling, and continued to watch the old man. The latter doubled a corner of the house, coming to a portion that was less frequented than the rest, being more ancient—almost in the last stages of decay, in fact. Here no friendly light gleamed from the narrow windows, no cheerful hum of voices could be heard. All within was dark and silent. Rank vegetation filled the entire angle, and ivy clustered thickly upon the wall.

Mr. Marston betrayed not the slightest hesitation, but penetrated the umbrageous growth like one perfectly familiar with his way. The dark-green leaves closed with scarcely a rustle behind him, wholly concealing his form from view. In a second's space he had disappeared as completely as if the night had suddenly swallowed him up.

Major Le Noir, still lingering in the covert where he had hidden himself, rubbed his eyes, suppressing a cry of amazement. He stared stupidly at the darkened window, and vainly sought to penetrate with his gaze the vegetation clustering about it. He could scarcely believe the evidence of his senses.

"Do I dream?" he asked, pinching himself smartly. "Has my overmastering desire to meet Walter Marston face to face, where I could balance accounts with him and nobody be the wiser, been the means of calling up this vision to deceive me? Have I been led into a wild-goose chase after a shadow—an impalpable nothing?"

He shivered with horror at the bare idea. "Have I seen flesh and blood like myself, or not?" he repeated, over and over again. "What should he be doing here at this time of night? Why, indeed, should he come here at all? Who and what is he?"

Pertinent questions, one and all, but not very easily answered. The baffled major crouched among the shadows and listened. Not a sound from the ruinous wing of the building broke the stillness. Ten minutes went by—twenty—half an hour, and still nothing stirred. He could bear the suspense no longer.

"If Marston heard me in pursuit, and is

lurking among those vines, I will soon find out," he muttered, doggedly. "I will know whether I have been imposed upon or not."

He loosened his knife in the right position to be used at a moment's warning, and then crept quickly but stealthily toward the spot where the figure had disappeared. Nobody rose up to dispute his approach. He beat the bushes to the right and left, walking close to the wall at either hand. Still he found no trace of the person of whom he was in search. He even lifted the ivy away from the wall, in places, but only found solid masonry and two or three narrow casements that resisted all his efforts to raise them.

He desisted at last out of pure exhaustion. A cold sweat broke out on his brow again. He trembled from limb to limb. The dauntless major came very near playing the coward for the first time in his life.

"How very strange!" he gasped rather than said. "I will doubt no longer. I have been the victim of a most singular hallucination. I have wasted all this time on a phantom of my own creation."

Though terribly shaken still, his lip curled contemptuously. He made a desperate effort to rally from the effects of what had transpired. He resolved to go back at once to the plan of action he was perfecting when first startled by the sight of that mysterious figure—taking it for granted that he had seen any figure at all. That plan had for its end and aim the possession as his own of Ingestre Place and the wealth of which its late master had died possessed. He was determined to accomplish this object—by marrying Mrs. Ingestre if he must, but to accomplish it, whether he married her or not.

In order to make his footing secure so far as he went, it was necessary, in the first place, to find the will that had been drawn up by Lawyer Green. This found and destroyed, of course the risk of its being discovered and produced to his disadvantage some time in the future, was for ever done away with. While pacing up and down the garden-walks in the twilight, he had determined to begin a most thorough search that very night.

To aid him in the quest, he had the same amount of knowledge that Madeline was possessed of. He had heard most of what Wales Ingestre had said to the girl just before he died, and had gained a pretty correct idea of the mysterious figure the dying man had drawn in Madeline's palm when speech failed him. The data was very insufficient, but nobody had anything more, at least. A little steady persistence might clear away every difficulty.

Delaying until he had recovered his usual serenity, the major entered the house. Nobody was in the parlor, and he sat down to the perusal of the two-days-old paper, thinking thus to kill time until the house was quiet and the coast clear for him to begin the search.

Mrs. Ingestre came in shortly, but did not linger many minutes. For once her "dear Gustave" seemed out of humor, and she had too much tact to bore him with her presence at such a time.

Two hours wore on in this way, and the last echo of footsteps, the last sound of slamming doors and clicking bolts, died away. Major Le Noir threw aside his paper with a low exclamation of satisfaction. He took up the lamp that was burning on the table, and prepared to leave the room.

"Where could the will have been hidden?" he muttered, in a puzzled tone. "I'll search the old shell from top to bottom but that I find it. The library was the room Wales Ingestre was most likely to select for such a purpose. I shall begin the quest there."

He crossed the lower hall, his face showing pale and set in the lamplight, for he had been worse shaken by the occurrence of the earlier part of the evening than he would have cared to acknowledge. He reached the door of the library and crossed the threshold.

The apartment was large and lofty, and decorated with old-fashioned furniture, some of it very valuable. The book-cases were not many, but seemed to be well filled. A desk and a built cabinet were ranged against the wall opposite the entrance-door.

Le Noir set down his lamp to survey the apartment. After a moment's thinking, he came to the same conclusion that Lawyer Green had come to before him—that Wales Ingestre had probably hidden the will in some secret compartment of the desk or cabinet. Directing his efforts from these premises, he at once began to search the cabinet.

There was a multiplicity of drawers, but all these had been thoroughly searched some days previously, and of course further examination of their contents would be time thrown away. His present object was to find some secret compartment, if any such existed.

Applying the test of the triangular figure, he proceeded precisely as Lawyer Green had advised Madeline to proceed. Wherever he found two drawers in a straight line, he attempted to discover a third either above or below them, and in the proper position, to make up the triangle. Wherever such a figure could be traced, whether in the projecting knobs or raised wood-work, there he pursued the search with unflinching zeal and energy.

In vain, all in vain. Wearied and disappointed, he next turned to the desk. Here, the surface to be gone over was less considerable. But in spite of all his efforts, no secret hiding-place disclosed itself. There was none, or it must have been too well contrived for his powers of penetration.

The carpet was in squares or checks, and the paper on the wall had figures at regular intervals. Triangles could be made of these at nearly every point, the position of the figure depending of course on the particular spot where you began to trace it. The major sounded the wall here and there, and ran his hand carefully along the carpet, listening anxiously for the rustling of paper. But no such

sound made itself audible to his ear. After an hour's search, he seemed no nearer a solution of the mystery than he had been in the first place.

Three pictures, portraits, hung near the door in such a manner as to form the terminating points of the inevitable figure. Le Noir's quick eye took cognizance of this fact. "Confound it," he ejaculated, impatiently, "everything conspires to place obstacles in my way. I shall be tempted to believe that the stars of heaven have triangular orbits, by-and-by."

Nevertheless, he took down the pictures, one after another, took out the backs, and even sounded the wall against which they hung. All this trouble resulted as his previous efforts had resulted, in nothing. Whatever his real motive in concealing the will, Wales Ingestre had at least concealed it in a manner well calculated to baffle investigation.

The major next turned to examine the first of the book-cases. He was half way across the floor, when he paused suddenly and stood like one petrified. He had heard no sound of doors opening or closing, no rustle of garments, no echo of footsteps, but there, right before him, as if it had risen from the floor, weird, ghastly, unearthly, stood the White Spectre!

His nerves were wretchedly unstrung. For several moments he stood staring at the sudden apparition, unable to move hand or foot. All his senses seemed to be concentrated into one—that of seeing. An unutterable horror crept through every nerve of his body. He was speechless, powerless.

At last he rallied a very little. He staggered back and dropped into the nearest chair. Covering his face with both hands, he sat there shaking and trembling, trying to burst asunder the bonds of horror that held him. His indomitable will conquered, finally, as it was sure to do. He raised his head for another look at his grim visitor. The spectre was gone—had disappeared as silently and mysteriously as it had come.

He sat a little longer, then slowly arose. Even his lips were white. When he moved forward a step or two, he reeled like a drunken man. In that poor shivering creature it would have been difficult to recognize the usually urbane and self-possessed Major Le Noir.

"This is too horrible," he gasped. "Even the dead rise from their graves to oppose me in my schemes."

His practical common sense had left him. He was like a frightened child, and whatever doubts he might heretofore have entertained in regard to the White Spectre, he was now thoroughly convinced that he had beheld a visitor from the world of spirits.

Further search was not to be thought of that night. He lifted the lamp from the floor where he had set it, and dragged his weary limbs up-stairs.

(To be continued.)

THE THREE MASKED MEN.

"Yonder's the village, Barin," (sir, or master), says my driver, pointing to a few spots of light that twinkle along the darkening sky-line; "and we'll be there in another quarter of an hour, if it please heaven. Lucky for us that it's not Winter-time, or we'd have the 'gray-coats' (wolves) at our heels before we got in."

"Are there many of them about here in Winter?" ask I.

"Many of them? A great deal too many. Why, it was only last Winter," he goes on, with a genuinely Russian love of frightening himself and other people. "that a sledge came into the village, which had been attacked by wolves close to where we are now, on a dark, windy evening just like this one; and they gobbled up the driver and the horses, and everything but the sledge itself—and that was a good deal scratched."

"But if they ate up the horses, how did the sledge get to the village?"

"Ah, Barin!" answers the old rogue, with a chuckle, "that's not my affair."

Our day's work has been a long and hard one, as may be seen by the smoking flanks and quivering nostrils of our horses; and the country through which we have passed is not such as one loves to linger over. Picturesqueness, in the ordinary sense of the word, is sadly wanting to Russia Proper. All her best scenery is to be found in regions lately wrested from other powers—Finland, the Caucasus, the Crimea. Nor is this monotony of her boundless plains diversified by the abundance of life which relieves the flatness of Holland and the Netherlands. Siberia is peopled at the rate of one inhabitant to three square miles. The vast prairies of Central Russia are little if at all more populous. The new railway from Kiev to Balta runs for at least half its length through a chaos of uncleared forest. The banks of the Volga, for leagues together, are silent and desolate as those of the Amazon. Along the whole course of the Lower Don, from Kalatch to within a few hours' sail of Rostov, there is not a single town—hardly even a village worth calling such—to break the monotony of the voiceless solitudes through which it flows. And even upon the famous "black soil," every spadeful of which is worth a king's ransom, one may travel for days without seeing a human habitation except a stray liquor-shop, or meeting a human being except an occasional robber.

And yet, to those who can appreciate it, few sights are more impressive than what the Russians expressively call "the bad steppe"—a limitless waste of desolate gray moorland, without warmth, without coloring, without life, like the corpse of Nature in her winding-sheet. Nothing which imagination has conceived can equal the weird loneliness of this everlasting desert. The seals of one color, but it has boundless life and motion. The great plain of the Dnieper, though lacking life and motion, has all the glories of earthly coloring in its measureless wealth of flowers. The very deserts of Arabia,

grim and barren though they be, have a kind of delusive animation in the dizzy Walpurgis-dance of their wind-tossed sands. But in the dreary wastes of Eastern Russia, all these are wholly wanting. The bad steppe has no dimpling surface, no varied coloring, no waving grass, no tossing sands to break the endless level—nothing but a tremendous passivity, eloquent in its terrible silence, against whose gigantic inaction all the energies of man are as nothing; a gray unending waste, wrapped in a sinister and deadly stillness, like some forgotten world blasted by the fire of heaven ere time began, and still bearing, through endless ages, the brand of gloomy and irrevocable desolation.

It is, therefore, not without a feeling of natural relief that I turn my back upon the great waste that darkens slowly around us, and watch the lights of the village coming nearer and nearer, till at length we scurry into the single street which it possesses (almost deserted at this hour, through fear of the "Domovol")—the "Robin Goodfellow" of Russian mythology, celebrated for all manner of impish tricks—and halt in front of a long, low, substantial-looking cottage—the abode of the "stárosta," or head man of the village, with whom we propose to take up our quarters for the night. There is no lack of hospitality about the Russian peasant; and almost before my driver can explain who we are, I find myself seized by both hands and dragged into the house, my dusty coat and boots pulled off, and myself seated in the place of honor beside the immense stove, with a brimming tumbler of tea in front of me; while the driver, a little further off, lights his pipe with a complacent air, as if he took to himself some credit for my being there at all.

While sipping my tea, and munching the black bread wherewith my host's wife, a stout, fresh-looking woman of five-and-thirty years, supplies me *ad libitum*, I glance round the room, which is merely an enlarged and ornamented copy of what I have seen in every hamlet on my road. The heavy cross-beams of the roof, the rough-hewn chairs and tables, the huge tea-urn—the gilt-edged picture of a saint in the far corner, with a small lamp burning before it—the enormous stove, on the broad, flat top of which my entertainers are wont to sleep in Winter—the broad, clumsy bed, with its patch-work coverlet, are all there. And there, too, on the opposite side of the room, is the huge painted chest, barred and banded with iron, which is the Russian peasant's pride and glory, in which he keeps his Sunday clothes, and whatever valuables he may possess, and upon the painting and decorating of which he often expends a sum which it must have cost him many a hard day's work and many a supperless night to raise.

But even in their first hasty survey of the surroundings, my eyes have time to remark one object, which is the very last that a person would expect to find under the roof of a Russian peasant, whose sole weapon is usually the short ax, with which he chops his firewood, puts together his furniture, builds his log-hut, and occasionally splits the head of his wife or father. Just opposite where I sit, hanging upon a nail in the wall, is a large pistol, evidently unused for a considerable time, to judge by the rust which covers it. Our friend the stárosta, following the direction of my glance, gives a significant chuckle.

"There's something to look at, Barin," says he, nodding in the direction of the weapon. "You don't often see those toys in our shops, do you?"

"Well, indeed, brother, it's hardly the sort of thing one would expect to see so far from the town. Do you keep it to shoot the 'tarakans' (cockroaches) with?"

My host gives a hoarse bellowing laugh, at this not very brilliant joke, echoed by the shriller treble of his wife; and crossing the room, takes down the pistol from its perch, and lays it on the table. Some letters branched into the stock catch my eye, and holding it up to the light, I read, "April 14th, 1869." I look inquiringly at my entertainer for the answer to this enigma.

"I wrote that," says he, with the air of Coriolanus's "Alone I did it." "I can write, and read, too, or I shouldn't be stárosta now. Ah! the first time I wrote my own name, I felt as grand as Iliu Murometz!"—(The popular hero of Russian legend, still proverbial for his strength.)

The worthy stárosta's enthusiasm somewhat tries my gravity, though I had already seen the same thing once and again during my travels in the interior. The Russian peasant's reverence for the power of "talking by making marks in a book" is almost superstitious; and I recollect being considerably amused at overhearing a rough-hewn fellow, with whom I had lodged in one of the remoter villages, after reciting, to an attentive circle, my feats in walking, running, climbing and leaping, wind up with, "And he knows how to write!"

"That was the day that I got this pistol," pursues my Amphitryon; "and good service he did me that day. If it hadn't been for him, I should have lost a good handful of money, and mayhap my life into the bargain!"

"Ah! how did that happen?" ask I. "This is just the time for a good story: suppose you tell me all about it before I turn in?"

Nothing loth, my host knocks the ashes out of his pipe, recharges it, and clearing his throat, vigorously, begins as follows: "You must know, then, Barin, that I had a cousin, Vasilili Masloff by name, who, instead of sticking to the village as I did, was all for getting away to one of the great towns, thinking to push his way there, and pick up money as you would gather mushrooms in the wood. And, sure enough, one day he went off to Moscow; and after a time, I got word that he had managed to find work in one of the big German shops on the Kounetski-Most (he was a famous hand at wood-carving, and such-like), and that he was getting on pretty well; for, as our proverb says, 'Heaven helps the helpful man,' and

Vasilili was always one to stand on his own feet. And after that, I had no news of him for a long time, and was beginning to forget all about him, when, all of a sudden, there comes to me one day a big packet of bank-notes, and a letter with them, saying that Vasilili was dead (may he gain the kingdom of heaven!), and had left me all the money he had saved—some two thousand roubles or so (about \$1,300), which was a great windfall to a poor fellow like me."

"You should just have seen him that day, Barin," chimes in, laughing, the lady of the house, who has just finished her preparations for my further accommodation. "When he opened the packet, and saw the notes, he stared about him like a dog that's lost his master; and all the rest of the day he went about as if he didn't know where he was."

"Well, you needn't laugh at me, Vasilissa," retorts her husband, with a broad grin; "you kept on counting the notes yourself for an hour and more, and never counted 'em right, after all!" And the two laugh a lusty chorus. "You may be sure, Barin," he continued, turning to me, "that I wasn't long in inviting my friends to come and rejoice with me over the good luck that God had sent; and by seven in the evening I had all ready for 'em—the tea-urn boiling, the black bread and bacon laid out, a dish of salted cucumbers, and a half-gallon of 'vodka' (corn brandy) into the bargain. Just as I'd finished laying out the table (my wife had gone out to buy some sausage), there came a knock at the door. Thinks I, 'There are my guests come already,' and I went to let 'em in. But when I opened the door (heaven preserve us!), what should I see but three men in black masks, and the foremost of 'em with a pistol in his hand—this very same pistol that's lying on the table now!"

"Oho! that pistol's a trophy taken from the enemy, then," remark I. "This begins to get interesting. Go on, pray."

"I'm not going to say I wasn't frightened," pursues the stárosta; "I *was* frightened, and very badly frightened too, I can tell you. But before I could say a word, the foremost black-guard claps his hand upon my shoulder, and says to me, in a voice that sounded as if it came down a chimney, 'Hand over that money you got this morning; quick, or I'll send you where you won't come back again; and I heard the pistol click as he cocked it. Well, as you know, 'When needs must, there's no time for brewing beer;' so I went to the big chest yonder, and out with the bank-notes; but, in handing them out, I managed to tuck two or three of them into my sleeve. The rogue counted them twice over, and shook his head."

"This won't do," says he, catching me by the collar. "We know exactly how much you got this morning, and we mean to have it all; so out with what you've hidden, or it'll be the worse for you."

"Then all at once a thought came into my head, just as if somebody had whispered it to me; and I shook the bank-notes out of my sleeve on to the floor, so that they all flew this way and that way. The rogue, fearing, no doubt, that some of them might get lost, pounced upon them to pick 'em up, putting down his pistol, just as I thought he would. But the minute he loosed hold of it, I snatched it up, and shot him dead on the spot."

My driver gives a hoarse, chuckling laugh of intense enjoyment; while the stárosta, pausing for a moment, in order to heighten the effect of his last sentence, handles the captured pistol with a belligerent air.

"Well done," put in I; "you tricked him very nicely. But what did the other two fellows do? Ran away, I suppose?"

"You may say that," replies the narrator, with a broader grin than ever; "they were gone almost before I could turn round. Well, when I found myself safe again, and the field clear, I felt so dazed that I almost thought I should have fainted; but I knew there was more to be done yet, so I dipped my head in a pan of water, to clear it a bit, locked up the house, put the key in my pocket, and away as hard as I could go to the 'kvartalni' (district police inspector). But when I got there he was not at home. They said he had gone out more than an hour before, and hadn't come back yet; so there was nothing for it but to go on to the next station, across the river yonder, and tell the kvartalni there. The minute he heard what had happened, he claps on his coat, calls three or four of his men, and away we all went back to the hut, where we found the dead fellow lying on the floor just as I had left him. The kvartalni's men pulled off his mask, and who should it be but the very police inspector I had been looking for! And the other two robbers, as I found out afterward, were the village postmaster and the priest. And now, Barin, here's your place ready for you; and may heaven send you a good night's rest."

THE GIPSY PARLIAMENT.—This unique body, which meets once every seven years, and consists of delegates from all the countries of Europe, is expected to assemble soon near Canstatt, in Germany. The king of this nomadic race is one Joseph Reinhard, who has reached the venerable age of ninety-eight years. He has had seven wives, and is the father of forty-five children. Our American idea of the whole gipsy tribe is rather unfavorable. They are regarded generally as a set of horse and chicken-stealers, as few in numbers, and without organization or government. In fact, there are no real gipsies in this country. But we find that there are in Spain about 40,000; in England more than 18,000; while Austria has 97,000, and Moldavia and Wallachia are the chosen homes of nearly 200,000 more. Their religion has been the subject of much unsatisfactory discussion. Perhaps the Hindoo saying, "there are seventy-two religions and a half in the world, the half being the religion of the Jhats (or gipsies)," comes as near the truth as any.

JAMES B. MCKEAN.

JUDGE MCKEAN, whose name is just now prominently associated with important affairs in Utah, was born in Hoosic, N. Y., August 5th, 1821. His father was the Rev. Andrew McKean, a clergyman of the Methodist Church, in this State, and the nephew of General Samuel McKean, who represented Pennsylvania in both Houses of Congress, in the days of Clay, Calhoun, Webster and Van Buren. While the subject of this sketch was yet a boy, his father settled in Half Moon, Saratoga County. He received a good academic education, and by devoting his leisure hours to study and reading, became an excellent scholar. The oratorical gifts which marked his mature manhood were early developed, and while yet a young man, his name was famous in connection with the debating societies and lyceums of the neighborhood. After studying law with General P. F. Ballard, at Waterford, he was admitted to the bar and entered into partnership with Mr. Meeker, at Ballston. After practicing there for a time, he removed to Saratoga and opened a law office; was shortly after elected County Judge; and was, in 1858, elected to Congress on the Republican ticket, and re-elected in 1860. In 1861 he raised the 77th Regiment of Volunteers, and commanded it until, on the Peninsula, he was prostrated by fever, barely escaping with his life. Resigning his commission, he was, when sufficiently recovered to permit, sent by President Lincoln as special envoy to Honduras, and was last year appointed, by President Grant, Chief-Justice of the Territory of Utah, and as such presided at the recent trial of Hawkins for adultery.

Judge McKean is a man of the most suave and courteous manner, of fine and dignified presence, a splendid orator and a charming companion. These graces adorn a character of great purity, a purpose singularly resolute and exalted, and the utmost rectitude of principle. Judge McKean is a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church. No better man for the position that he occupies could be found in the United States.



HON. JAMES B. MCKEAN, CHIEF-JUSTICE OF THE U. S. COURT IN UTAH.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY P. H. M'KEERON.

ARTIFICIAL STONE: ITS MANUFACTURE FOR HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS, CARTHAGENA, SPAIN.

ONE of the marks of Spanish revival is the attention paid to its commerce and the improvement of its harbors.

After the harbor improvements successfully carried out at Gijon, it was resolved to carry out a similar work in the port of Carthagena, in the hope of restoring its ancient importance. The main works were to be two breakwaters called Curra and Navidad, one 800, the other 180 metres in length, a pier for loading and unloading, 700 metres wide, and a general dredging of the port to secure a uniform depth sufficient for vessels of any size.

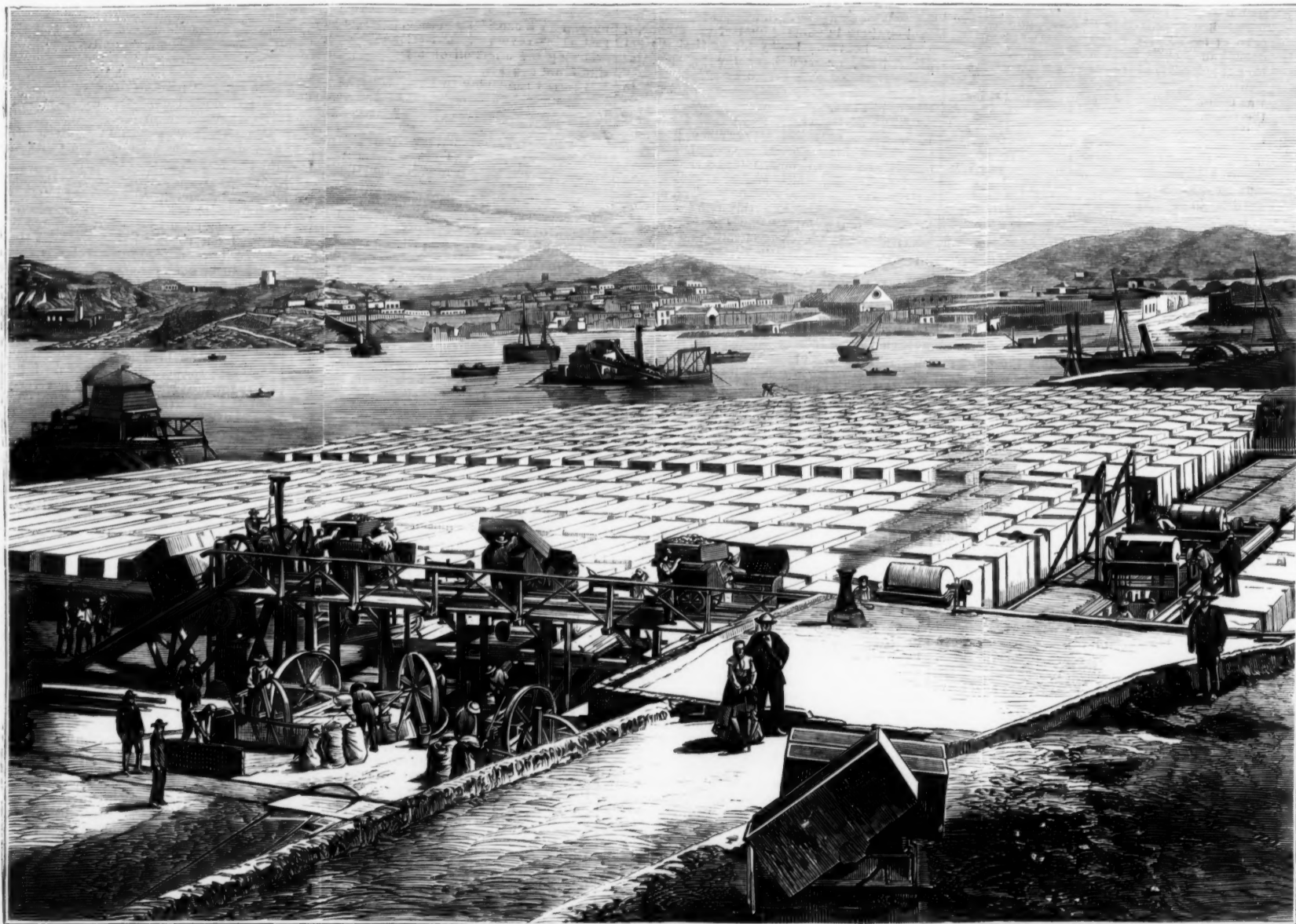
The work was begun March 29th, 1870, by Angoitia & Co., under the direction of Don José Rodríguez Acerete, a skillful engineer, and was to cost thirty-two millions of reals.

The base was to be of rough stone, on which rose two walls of artificial stone, but after the foundation was laid up to the surface of the water, it was found that the weight was too much for the ground below, and a gradual sinking took place.

The engineer was thus compelled to adopt something different from an upright wall, and decided on the plan shown in our illustration. One tier of blocks of artificial stone is set vertically, and then others inclining at an angle of 45 degrees. The weight is thus divided, and the sea, instead of dashing against a dead wall requiring great strength and power of resistance, is met by a series of angles which break up its impetus with very little shock to the structure. A central wall of artificial stone runs through the length of the breakwater.

Our other illustration shows the operation of manufacturing the blocks of artificial stone, which are four metres, or about four yards long, by one and a half thick, and as many high.

The cement, composed of hydraulic lime and sand, is mixed by steam, which drives large wheels in the receptacle containing the mortar. This, when ready, drops into cars running on



SPAIN.—VIEW OF THE WORKS FOR THE MANUFACTURE OF ARTIFICIAL STONE, USED FOR HARBOR IMPROVEMENTS AT CARTHAGENA.

Charles W. Brooks,
Japanese Counsel at San Francisco.General Horace Capron,
Chief of Commission.Prof. Thomas Antisell,
Technologist & Geologist.Major A. G. Warfield, Jr.,
R. R. and Mining Engineer.Stuart Eldridge, M.D.,
Secretary of Commission.

THE COMMISSION OF AMERICAN SCIENTISTS APPOINTED BY THE JAPANESE GOVERNMENT TO INVESTIGATE THE RESOURCES OF THE EMPIRE.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY BEADLEY & RULOFSON.

a track, as do others with crushed stone, to cylinders in which the whole, revolving by steam, are thoroughly and densely worked together. These, in turn, run on another track to the molds, where the blocks receive their final shape.

The blocks are then allowed to dry for ninety days, by which time they have all the character of real stone, and are slung on chains in the same way, for transportation to the portion of the works where they are required.

Spaniards hope to make Carthagena now the centre of the short route from Paris to Algiers.

SCIENTIFIC COMMISSION OF JAPAN.

Our engraving gives faithful portraits of the American gentlemen recently commissioned by the Japanese Government to investigate and report upon the resources of the empire. The commission consists of four only, selected for their special ability in their several professions.

The chief of the Commission is General Horace Capron, long and favorably known as a thoroughly scientific agriculturalist, conversant as well with the various sciences collateral to agriculture, and late Commissioner of the United States Agricultural Department, in which difficult position he has won richly deserved commendation, from those qualified to judge, in all sections of the country.

Professor Thomas Antisell, of Washington, accompanies the party as an expert in the subjects of mining and manufactures. Professor Antisell's reputation as a technical chemist, mineralogist and geologist, is well known, and General Capron is to be congratulated upon having secured his services.

The work of the Commission includes the examination of the country with reference to the introduction of railroads and other improved means of transportation. This branch is confided to Major A. G. Warfield, Jr., of Baltimore, Md. Major Warfield is looked upon, in his profession, as one of the most competent of its younger members; has already had much experience in the special class of work which is likely to be demanded in Japan; and is pronounced by no less an authority than Latrobe, of Baltimore, one of the best locating engineers of the country.

The Secretary of the Commission, Doctor Stuart Eldridge, of Washington, D. C., possesses high scientific and literary qualifications, and, although a young man, has achieved a prominent standing in his own profession.

The Commission is amply provided with the necessary equipments and instruments of precision, and with such a personnel there is much to be expected from its labors. We look confidently for a result which shall benefit not only our island neighbors, for neighbors they are both in interests and feeling, though so far distant in miles, but shall, perhaps be of equal

advantage to ourselves. While Japan is represented by such men as Mr. Mori, the Minister at Washington, and Consul Charles Wolcott Brooks, of San Francisco, international commerce must increase, community of interests be more fully recognized, and the good feeling

already existing between the great nations of the East and West, strengthen and become permanent.

By late advices from Japan we learn that the Commissioners were received with high honors by the Japanese Government, on arrival

at Yokohama and Yedo. At the former place a grand salute was fired from the forts, and on their landing they were received by a delegation of Japanese officials of high rank. On the next day they embarked on a Japanese war steamer for Yedo, being saluted by the fleet at that port on passing, and were received on landing by another delegation of Japanese officials, among whom were the Prime Minister and Minister of Foreign Affairs. A grand banquet was given there by the Prime Minister and Cabinet at the Summer Garden on the 9th September, which was followed by a number of others at the residences of the different members of the Cabinet. On the 16th of September the Commission had an interview with His Imperial Majesty the Tumo, or Mikado, which is said to have been rarely accorded to foreigners, and was given on a scale of unusual magnificence. In every way the Commission have been most favorably received, and the members pleased beyond all expectation. Major Warfield and Professor Antisell were to sail for Yesso on the 25th of September, General Capron and Mr. Eldridge remaining at Yedo.

So goes on the wondrous opening of Japan, a progress unexampled in history, and so may it go on. We wish a hearty God-speed to General Capron and his party, as well as to the noble nation which they serve.

HON. E. PESHINE SMITH, CHIEF OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE OF JAPAN.

We may well be proud of the high compliments so frequently paid to us by foreign countries, in selecting Americans for high positions of trust and responsibility. It has a number of times happened that our representatives abroad have been solicited to act as the representatives of the countries to which they were accredited—showing how well they have gained the esteem and confidence of the governments of these countries. The name of the late Mr. Burlingame will naturally suggest itself in this connection. We have now to congratulate ourselves and Japan on the choice by the Mikado, of another countryman, for a place in his government no degree less in dignity and importance to that filled by Mr. Burlingame, in China. We allude to the selection of Mr. E. Peshine Smith, late of the State Department, for the post of head of the Foreign Department of the Japanese Government, and charged with the duty of completely reorganizing the same, and molding it to conform with the altered condition of Japan as regards the world at large and civilized nations in particular.

Mr. Smith is a native of New York city, where he was born March 2d, 1814. He went to Rochester as a child, and has resided in that city continuously, except when absent on



HON. E. PESHINE SMITH, CHIEF OF THE FOREIGN OFFICE OF JAPAN.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY J. H. KENT.

official duty. He graduated at Columbia College, and studied Law at Cambridge. He was for a time editor of the *Rochester American*, and also of the *Buffalo Commercial Advertiser*; for many years Reporter of the Court of Appeals of New York; and at the time he was called to Japan held a high position in the Department of State, Washington. He sailed from San Francisco, November 1st.

FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

If all flesh is grass, is hay beef a la mowed.

It has been said that pantaloons obtained on a credit are breeches of trust.

Who was Richard the Third before he was "himself again"?

FACTS should be put down in black and white; in another colored ink they might appear inked-ible.

TO THE COMING MAN—H. R. H. ALEXIS.

Hail! O mighty Czarowitch!
Hail! O great Tartar, O' which
The toad-eaters many are who itch
To greet thy name:
Welcome, chief of Muscovites,
Fair and dark, and dusky whites!
Hear the cheers of husky wights.
And loud acclaim!

We rather like thee, haughty man;
Your sire's the proper sort o' man;
And may he whip the Ottoman
And other foes:
Though less we love your feudal ways,
Your *knout* we voted rude always;
Your mines and chains have stood always
As direct woes.

But never, "in your horn days,"
You met who more love foreign ways,
Than Freedom's children, raw in ways
Of courtly guile:
Your names in "miltz," and "offs" and "oskies,"
Your serfs and exiles dragging "droskies,"
Your Church, all Romish, sans the "Cross Keys,"
Will be the style.

Of course you must be interviewed
By question-asking hunters rude,
Whose coolness by old Winter viewed,
Would freeze his blood:
And though the greatest Russian Bear,
You must, perforce, a crushing bear
From snobs and fools who push in where
They never should.

They'll want your *carte* and lock of hair;
If wise you'll wear a mock affair;
They'll scalp the total stock off, ere
They find you bald:
They'll take you round to see the sights,
Gravestones and other tedious sites,
Faneuil Hall and Breed his Heights,
Now "Bunker's" called.

But, ere we part, accept a nice
Right royal gift, well-kept (in ice),
For such as thee, adept in nice
Discrimination:
Accept what not enriches you,
Nor robs us either, which is new—
Accept ALASKA! such as you
Can rule that nation.

Thus shall we then in sort shake off
The debt we owe to Gortschakoff,
Hoping that thou'lt in naught take of
Fense at the boon;
And may no serious loss accrue
To him that owns the saucy crew,
Nor thou, beloved Cossack, rue
The gift too soon!

We are glad to see that Novello, Ewer & Co., the well known London Publishers, who have so long supplied the choral and church societies with the best classical music, at unprecedentedly low prices, have established an agency in New York, under the personal superintendence of Mr. Alfred H. Littleton, of 751 Broadway. The house of Novello has been established for fifty years, and is justly regarded as the leading musical publishers of classic, sacred, and standard music in the world.

WATCH NO. 1064, Stem Winder—Bearing Trade Mark "Frederick Atherton & Co., Marion, N. J."—manufactured by United States Watch Co., has been carried by me fifteen months; its total variation from mean time being only one second per month.—WILLARD DERBY, of Derby, Snow & Prentiss, Jersey City, N. J.

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Two hundred thousand copies of the Elgin Almanacs for 1872 were burned, together with Electrotypes at the Printing House of Culver, Page & Hoyne. The Almanacs are now being reprinted in New York, and will be ready for circulation early in December.

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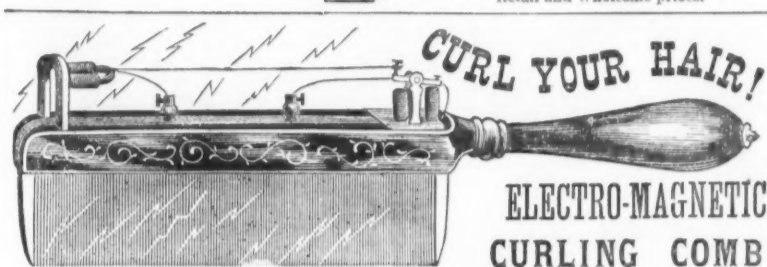
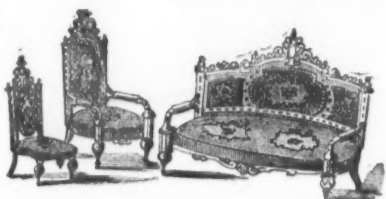
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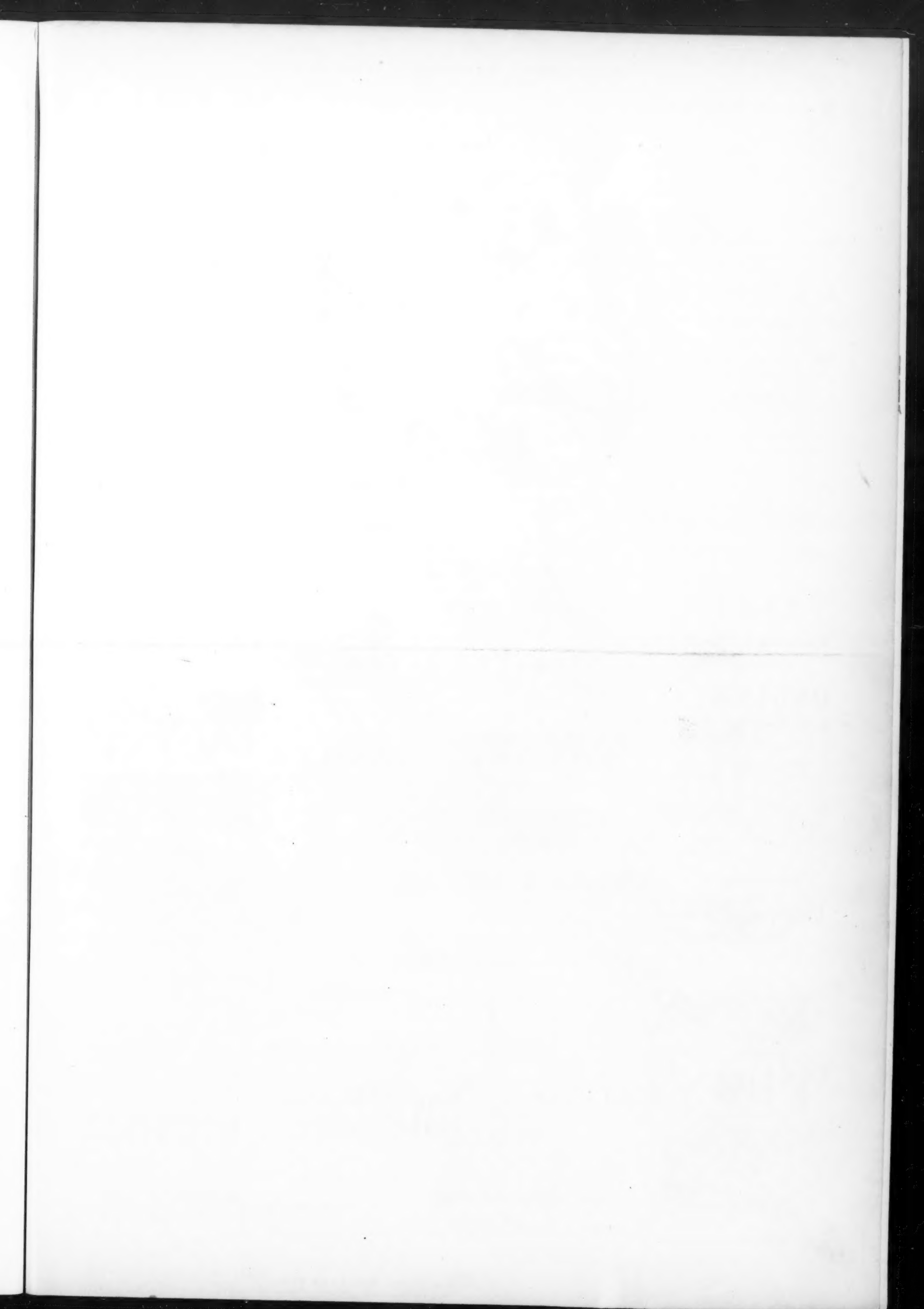
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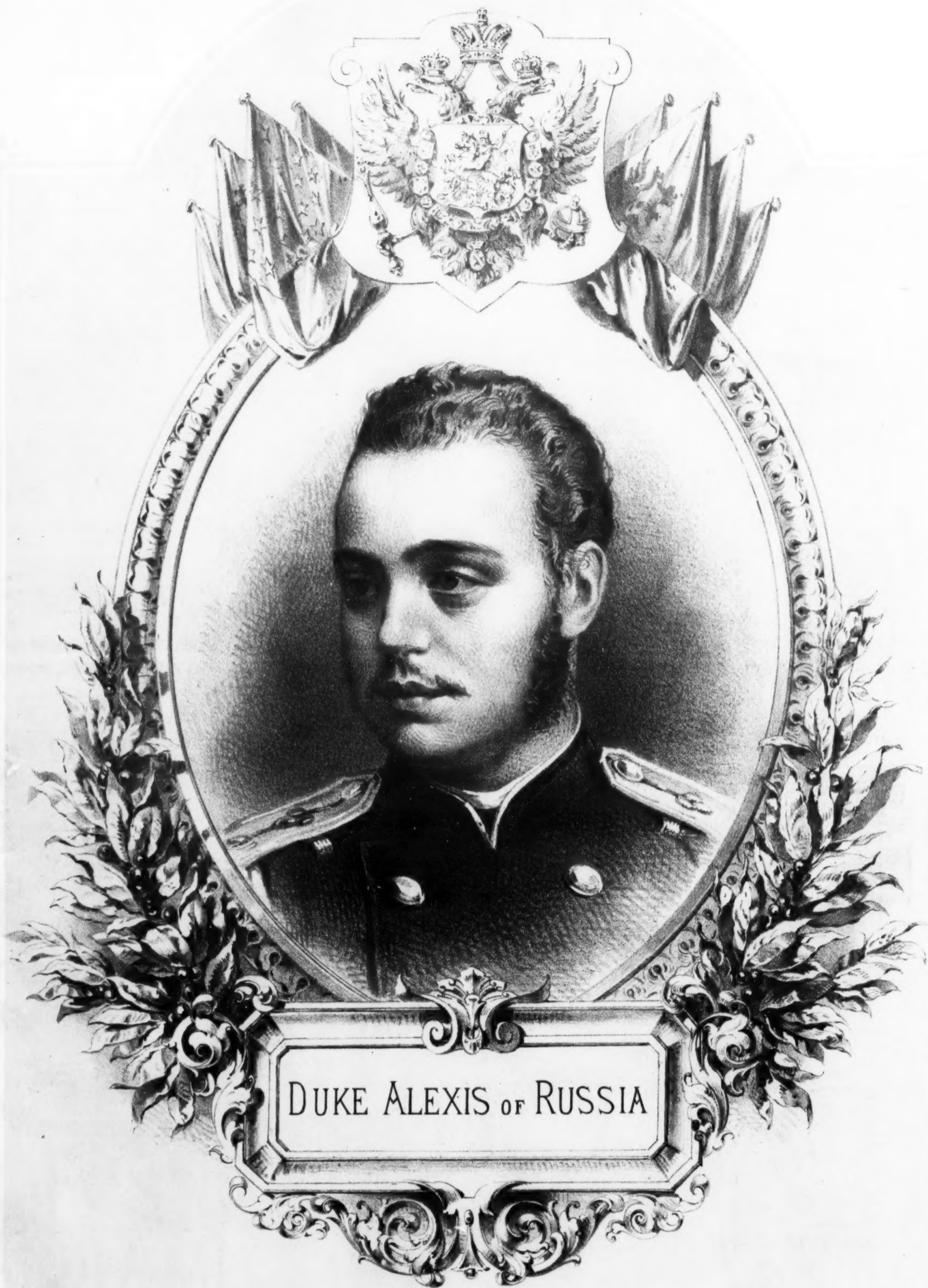
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